

# UNDERWORLD

Screenplay by

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**LAKE SHORE**



**ENTERTAINMENT**

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP - GOTHIC CITYSCAPE - BUDAPEST, HUNGARY - NIGHT

RUSHING WIND, TORRENTIAL RAIN. A STONE GARGOYLE, oily black and slick with rain, snarls at the stormy night from a narrow ledge atop a five story building. CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL--

SELENE, a strikingly gorgeous vampire, hunched forward in a gravity-defying pose, not unlike the gargoyle, her leather trench coat fluttering in the wind.

Frigid rain slashes the night, yet her face remains a mask of unearthly concentration. She could easily pass for a statue carved of pure alabaster: a silent, immortal presence gazing down upon the busy streets below.

CUT TO:

HER POV - LOOKING DOWN ON THE STREET

TWO LYCANS (WEREWOLVES, IN HUMAN FORM) weave their way down a narrow sidewalk choked with pedestrians and umbrellas.

(NOTE: Visual clues will be given to clearly distinguish lycans from humans. This may incorporate a distinct style of dress, facial hair, and scarred patterns similar to cattle brands.)

CLOSER ANGLE - ON THE LYCANS - AS SEEN THROUGH TELEPHOTO LENS

RAZE, 250 pounds of barely-contained murderous intent, takes the lead, shoving the SMALLER LYCAN out of his way.

His eyes locked on a MAN several dozen yards ahead of him.

This is MICHAEL CORVIN, 28, ruggedly handsome, who appears to be a common pedestrian at this point. In short, Selene has no idea the lycans are stalking him. And neither does he.

ZIP-ZIP-ZIP. A flurry of digital photos are snapped: mostly of the lycans, but several catching Michael's likeness as well.

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP

A DIGITAL CAMERA LENS drops from frame to reveal the shimmering eyes of an ANGELIC VAMPIRE. He too is perched gargoyle-fashion on the ledge of a rooftop.

He cocks his head like a bird of prey and peers across the dingy alley separating his building from--

SELENE'S ROOFTOP

Selene watches in silence as the lycans pass beneath her roost. A beat, then, flashing a hand signal, she steps off the ledge: a leather-clad specter plummeting a full five stories into the alley below!

EXT. DARK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Selene lands with the elegance of a jaguar; so inhumanly smooth and graceful that she almost appears to be striding away before she hits the wet cobblestone.

The angelic vampire lands behind her with the same unnatural grace, as does yet another YOUNG VAMPIRE. They quickly fall into step with her, trench coats snapping in their wake -- a trio of steely-eyed killers.

EXT. SIDEWALK - STREET

Exiting the alley, Selene and her deadly cohorts melt into the crowd and stealthily follow the lycans.

Michael abruptly scurries across the street, dodging traffic, and heads for a Subway Station. As the lycans move to follow him--

WHOOSH! The vampires scatter, flowing through the crowd like ethereal beings and dissolve into the shadows and rain.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Noisy, bustling with commuters. We find Selene kicking back against a kiosk, waiting, watching, ready for anything. She glances up at the flood of humanity pouring down an escalator.

HER POV - MICHAEL, sopping wet and miserable, slicks his hair back as he rides down the metal stairs.

Selene lingers on his face for a moment. He suddenly turns, catches her staring at him. Selene averts her eyes, taken aback, and resumes scanning the crowd.

Michael is absolutely riveted, unable to shake his stare. Clad head to foot in black leather she's an exotic apparition, wild, mysterious... everything he is not.

But the spell is unexpectedly shattered as a SUBWAY TRAIN goes ROARING out of the station. Michael turns to catch another glimpse of her, but she's gone.

Shaking his infatuation, he heads off towards the platform.

Behind him, the lycans force their way down the escalator and move off into the crowd. A beat, then Selene and the angelic vampire slink from the shadows and stealthily follow them.

#### ACROSS THE PLATFORM

Michael shuffles up to the crowded loading zone. GOTH LOVERS squeeze in next to him, invading his space, and start making out. Michael smirks, shoots them a sideways glance.

#### ANOTHER ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN ON THE PLATFORM

as the lycans split up, predators on the hunt, converging on Michael from opposite directions. Without warning--

#### RAZE

stops in his tracks, sniffs the air. He turns, catches a glimpse of the angelic vampire. Panic floods his face. Whipping out a modified Uzi, he screams:

RAZE  
BLOOOOODS!!!

An ERUPTION of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE. Terror sweeps across the platform. Commuters hit the deck, run for their lives, etc.

#### THE VAMPIRES

dive for cover, skinning MP-5 submachine guns and GLOCK pistols as GLOWING BULLETS (ULTRAVIOLET AMMO) ricochet all around them.

#### EXT. STREET - SUBWAY STATION ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

The young vampire, who's been standing watch outside, goes tearing into the station, tossing commuters aside like rag dolls, and disappears down the pedestrian tunnel.

#### INT. PLATFORM

GUNSHOTS, SCREAMS. We find Michael, along with several other terrified commuters, huddled behind a ticketing kiosk.

He reacts as a teenaged girl gets caught in the crossfire and drops to the floor, blood spurting from her femoral artery!

This is the GUNSHOT GIRL. She looks down at her leg, starts gasping in short, repetitious bursts.

Michael bites his lip, screw it, and scurries through the line of fire like an Army field medic and starts feverishly applying pressure to her wound.

(NOTE: Michael is so preoccupied with saving her life that he never gets a good look at the immortal combatants.)

MICHAEL

You're going to be alright. Do  
you hear me? That's it. Good.  
Keep lookin' right at me.  
(she begins to fade)  
No, no, no. Don't close your  
eyes. Stay with me, now. Stay  
with--

ANOTHER EXPLOSION OF AUTOMATIC FIRE. Michael cringes, shields  
the girl's face. Behind him, across the platform--

SELENE AND THE ANGELIC VAMPIRE

dive behind an advertising kiosk. All around them, GLOWING  
ROUNDS strike the walls, shattering tiles.

SELENE

Whatever kind of ammo they're  
using, I've never seen it before!

She slams a fresh magazine into her Glock 18: a pistol which  
can fire both single rounds and fully automatic bursts.

She dodges a look around the edge of the kiosk, sees Michael  
tending to the gunshot girl. And charging his way, clawed  
fingers outstretched, is the smaller lycan!

Selene takes aim, squeezes the trigger, BLAM! A bullet tears  
into the lycan's shoulder, sending him slamming to the ground.

He flees towards the subway tunnel, floor tiles EXPLODING all  
around him as Selene goes full-auto! Without warning--

RAZE

charges across the platform to his comrade's aid, guns blazing,  
drawing Selene's fire.

THE SMALLER LYCAN

scurries over the edge of the platform, drops down onto the  
subway tracks, slumps against the cement barrier.

SMALLER LYCAN

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Wincing in agony, he digs two fingers into his wound and tugs  
out the bloodied remains of a silver bullet.

HISS! The shiny metal SIZZLES his fingertips. He tosses it.

SMALLER LYCAN  
Son of a bitch!

Now he's pissed! Slamming a fresh magazine into his gun, he pops back up and unleashes hellfire! Raze joins in, strafing the vampire's pillar with automatic fury!

ACROSS THE PLATFORM

The young vampire comes screaming down the escalator, guns trained on Raze, forcing him to turn tail and retreat.

SELENE AND THE ANGELIC VAMPIRE

use this opportunity to make a feverish dash for the next pillar.

THE SMALLER LYCAN

stays on target, aims carefully -- BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

THE ANGELIC VAMPIRE

takes several hits, stumbles, slams against a wall. His camera goes skittering across the floor as SEARING LIGHT explodes from his wounds, slowly incinerating him from the inside out!

SELENE

watches in horror as his SIZZLING corpse tumbles off of the platform and onto the subway tracks. She whirls around, veins screaming for retribution, opens fire, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

THE SMALLER LYCAN

takes another bullet in the shoulder, not two inches from where she shot him last time! Screw this. He turns tail, scrambles off down the subway tunnel.

SELENE

snatches up her partner's camera and charges off after him, guns ablaze. TING-TING-TING! Spent shell casings clatter to the floor as she launches herself off the edge of the platform!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Selene hits the ground, gracefully dive rolls and springs to her feet, running full steam after the smaller lycan!

BACK ON THE PLATFORM

Raze scrambles up to the escalator, fires off another salvo. CLICK! He's out of ammo. He shoots one last look down the subway tunnel. Can't go that way--

The young vampire is coming on fast. Raze turns, charges off down a pedestrian tunnel. The vampire follows, guns blazing, leading us on a furious chase through a network of corridors!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - SAME TIME

Selene races down the tracks, boots splashing through oily puddles, in hot pursuit of the smaller lycan.

INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL

Raze charges towards a utility door. PACK-PACK-PACK! Bullets ricochet all around him as, KA-BOOM! He PLOWS through the door and disappears into--

INT. BREAKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Darkness, the DRONE of MACHINERY. The young vampire creeps in, gun at the ready, like a steely-eyed assassin.

WHOOSH! A SHADOWY FIGURE sweeps past him. He spins around, opens fire, BLAM!-CLICK! The slide snaps back. It was his last bullet.

A LOW GROWL seeps from the shadows. The young vampire takes a step back, bumps into a STEEL DOOR. He holsters his gun, tugs a DOUBLE-EDGED SILVER BLADE from his belt. Suddenly, CLICK!

The lights come on. Too late! Raze is thundering his way, fangs bared, glaring at him through JET BLACK EYES!

(NOTE: Raze has four fangs: two on top, two on the bottom.)

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

In the lights of an oncoming SUBWAY TRAIN -- CLANG! A STEEL DOOR on the side of the tunnel is blown off its hinges!

Raze and the young vampire come flying out of the breaker room, tangled in a death grip, and SLAM against the opposite side of the tunnel!

Plummeting to the gravel they immediately face off, fangs bared, predator versus predator! WHOOOOOOOSH! The train THUNDERS past us, instantly obscuring our view.

We peer THROUGH the segmented train, its gaps producing a wild and chaotic FLICKERSHOW EFFECT as RAZE MORPHS INTO A WEREWOLF!

Even with our limited view it's clear that Raze is nothing less than a quantum leap forward in lycanthropic evolution: a lean, mean, seven foot tall, nasty-ass pit demon with four inch fangs and claws the size of steak knives!

INT. FURTHER DOWN THE SUBWAY TUNNEL

Selene charges around a bend, stops in her tracks. The smaller lycan has vanished into thin air. She takes notice to a line of MUDDY FOOTPRINTS, follows them to--

A DARK ALCOVE

Shallow, cramped. Selene enters, scans the ground. A DEMONIC HOWL echoes through the tunnel! She whirls around, WHOOOOOSH!

The subway train THUNDERS past the alcove! Her trench coat flutters wildly as she's engulfed by a VIOLENT SURGE OF WIND!

She presses herself up against the wall, averts her eyes. And in the flickering light of the passing train she sees that the muddy prints mysteriously terminate next to a drainage grate.

She lifts the heavy grate with one hand and peers down into--

INT. DRAINAGE TUNNEL - BELOW THE SUBWAY SYSTEM

Selene drops down into a dark, crumbling tunnel. She raises her gun, cautiously moves into the inky darkness. Suddenly, PACK-PACK-PACK! Glowing bullets ricochet all around her.

Two rounds punch through her coat! Whirling around she catches a glimpse of the lycan. She dive rolls out of the way, opening fire as she smoothly tumbles head over heels, BLAM!-BLAM!-BLAM!

The lycan hits the dirt, flopping like a spasmodic fish. With a furious growl, Selene SLAMS her boot down on his face and viciously empties the remainder of her ammo into his chest!

He finally goes limp. You get the feeling this is extremely personal. She pries the gun from his hand, the LUMINOUS UV ROUNDS forcing her to wince as she ejects the ammo clip.

Suddenly, from somewhere off in the distance, comes another DEMONIC HOWL! Selene stiffens, another train perhaps?

INT. DARK ALCOVE (WEREWOLF/RAZE'S POV) - SAME TIME

We come pouncing up to the drainage grate and dive down through the dark opening.



INT. DRAINAGE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS - (WEREWOLF/RAZE'S POV)

We land in the darkness, stealthily, like a panther. Selene is crouched over the dead lycan, with her back to us. An easy kill. We surge forward with a FEROCIOUS ROAR! Surprise!

Selene whirls around with preternatural speed and hurls FOUR COIN-LIKE DISKS at us!

SHANK-SHANK-SHANK-SHANK! Razor sharp blades SNAP out of the disks, revealing their true nature: SILVER THROWING STARS!

They come WHIZZING THROUGH FRAME! WE HEAR FOUR MEATY SLAPS as RAZE-WOLF is struck in rapid succession. A TERRIBLE ROAR!

Selene turns tail, runs for her life. We pounce after her, winding our way through the crumbling tunnel system.

INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION

Selene darts around a corner, out of breath, veins surging with adrenaline. Suddenly, from somewhere nearby, comes a BURST of FRENZIED GROWLS and WILD HUMAN CHEERS!

She turns, sees filtered light stabbing down through a rusted metal grate. She cautiously approaches it. Without warning, a RUSH OF MOVEMENT behind her. A RUMBLING GROWL!

WE HOLD ON THE GRATE as Selene retreats, followed by a DARK FIGURE, Raze, still a werewolf. As the sounds of the chase recede, CAMERA pushes up THROUGH the grate and into--

AN ABANDONED TUNNEL (LOW ANGLE)

Seedy, crumbling; packed with LYCANS. Water drips from the ceiling. The vibe is explosive, like a keg party gone awry.

Through a DENSE FOREST OF LEGS we catch tantalizing glimpses of MUSCLED FLESH, BLOODY FANGS, and TERRIFYING CLAWS. Deep within the riled crowd--

TWO WEREWOLVES are locked in mortal combat, growling, snapping, circling each other like rabid pit bulls! KA-BOOM! A SHOTGUN BLAST echoes off the crumbling walls. Everyone turns, stunned to meet the piercing gaze of--

LUCIAN,

the dark master of the lycan horde. A hush quickly falls; even the werewolves go silent. Lycans nervously edge from his path as he strides into the crowd. (NOTE: To the audience, Lucian will remain a nameless face until the right moment.)

As imposing as he is, he seems a breed apart from the other lycans, civilized, cultured... a man with a plan.

He pauses to rake a gaze of displeasure across the faces of his gathered minions. He speaks with a crisp British accent.

LUCIAN

You're acting like a pack of rabid dogs. And that, gentlemen, simply will not do. Not if you expect to defeat the vampires on their own ground. Not if you expect to survive at all -- Pierce, Taylor!

The crowd parts to reveal that the werewolves are human again, naked, winded, dripping with blood and sweat. Meet Pierce and Taylor, who will be known simply as LUCIAN'S HENCHMEN.

LUCIAN

Put some clothes on, will you?

INT. SUBWAY STATION - LATER

TWO FORENSIC COPS are down by the tracks, examining the angelic vampire's burnt corpse. CAMERA CRANES UP TO REVEAL--

MORE COPS, PARAMEDICS. The war-torn subway station has been transformed into a crime scene. Michael is pale, shaken, and speckled with blood. A CHUNKY COP is taking his statement.

COP

Tattoos, scars, any other identifying marks?

Michael's eyes drift over the cop's shoulder, where TWO MEDICS are strapping the gunshot girl to a gurney.

MICHAEL

No, like I said, it happened too fast.

The medics start whisking the girl off towards the exit.

PARAMEDIC

(to Michael)

Doctor, if you want a ride, you better hurry!

MICHAEL

(to the cop)

Sorry, gotta run.

He shouts over his shoulder as he hurries off after the medics:

MICHAEL

I'll give you guys a call if  
I remember anything useful!

EXT. VIKTOR'S MANSION - LATER

It's still raining. A HUGE STEEL GATE loaded with surveillance equipment swings aside and Selene drives through in a classic Jag with heavily-tinted windows. The mansion is astounding, a relic from a bygone age, when feudal warlords ruled Hungary.

INT. GRAND SALON - VIKTOR'S MANSION

Selene, gripping the digital camera, strides through an exotic chamber. VAMPIRE SOCIALITES everywhere, mingling, huddled in corners, lounging on expensive divans, etc.

It's painfully obvious that Selene is cast from an entirely different mold: she's a steely-eyed warrior, a DEATH DEALER, and her purposeful stride speaks volumes.

INT. KRAVEN'S SUITE

Spacious, tastefully lavish. A striking vampire with the body of Adonis stands before a tri-fold mirror, quietly admiring his own form. This is KRAVEN.

TWO EXOTIC SERVANT VAMPS (both female) are kneeling beside him, delicately tracing their fingers over his muscled frame as they slowly dress him.

They trade a glance, giggle like schoolgirls. KA-BOOM! Twin doors BANG OPEN and Selene comes striding into the room and slams the LYCAN PISTOL down on Kraven's desk.

SELENE

We have a serious problem.

INT. DOJO - VIKTOR'S MANSION - LATER

CLOSE ON A UV BULLET, glowing brightly and clamped in forceps.

KAHN (OS)

I'll have to run a few tests,  
but it's definitely an irradiated  
fluid of some sort.

The bullet drops from frame to reveal KAHN. Black clad and flaunting multiple body piercings, he's the resident weapons master and the daunting commander of the Death Dealers.

Huddled around him are Kraven and Selene. Kraven's servant vamps hover nearby, bored, chatting amongst themselves.

The dojo itself is Spartan, dedicated exclusively to the art of war. Sparring mats, a firing range, and racks and racks of exotic stabbing weapons and firearms, mostly forged of silver.

Kahn sets the bullet next to the lycan pistol, which has been carefully dissected; the pieces spread out on his workbench.

Selene marvels at the glowing bullet.

SELENE

Ultraviolet Ammunition.

KAHN

(concurring)

Daylight... harnessed a weapon.  
And from what you've described,  
extremely effective.

KRAVEN

(incredulous)

You expect me to believe that  
a mangy animal came up with a  
bullet specifically engineered  
to kill vampires?

KAHN

No, I'm bettin' it's military.  
Something they stole. Some  
sort of hi-tech tracer round.

SELENE

I don't care where they got  
these things. Rigel is dead and  
Vargas is still out there. We  
should gather the Death Dealers  
and head back down there in force.

KRAVEN

Out of the question. Not now.  
Not for a random incursion.  
The Awakening is only a few  
days off and this house is in  
a state of unrest as it is.

SELENE

Random? They opened fire on us in  
full view of the public. And from  
the commotion I heard down in that  
tunnel, there--

KRAVEN

You said yourself that you didn't  
actually see anything!

Selene exhales deeply. There's a tangible vibe between these two, not unlike that of rival siblings. Then, coolly:

SELENE

I know what I heard and I know  
what my gut tells me. And I'm  
telling you there could be dozens  
of lycans down there, who knows,  
maybe more... hundreds.

Everyone is clearly taken aback by this statement. Even the servants take note. A grin slides up Kraven's face.

KRAVEN

We've hunted them to the brink  
of extinction.

KAHN

Kraven's right, Selene. Those  
days died with Lucian. There  
hasn't been a den of that  
magnitude for centuries.

SELENE

I know that, Kahn. But I'd  
rather have you prove me  
wrong by checking it out.

Sounds reasonable to Kahn. He turns to Kraven, who glances at his watch and heaves a sigh.

KRAVEN

Very well. Have your men tighten  
things up. When Soren arrives,  
I'll have him scramble a search team.

SELENE

I want to lead the team myself.

KRAVEN

Absolutely not. Soren will handle it.

He glances at Kahn, amused.

KRAVEN

Hundreds, really.

Selene looks Kraven dead in the eye.

SELENE

Viktor would believe me.

She turns her back on him, strides away.

Kraven says nothing, he just stands there, simmering, as she storms out the door.

One of the servant vamps slinks up next to him, gently brushes a finger down his arm: a flirtatious invitation for anything he might desire. This is ERIKA.

ERIKA

I would never dream of treating  
you like that.

Kraven seems moved by this. He leans down close to her, intimately close, smiles.

KRAVEN

Of course you wouldn't.

Then, shattering the spell:

KRAVEN

Now run along and make sure she's  
dressed and ready for the arrival  
of our guests.

This is like a cold slap across Erika's face, yet she swallows her wounded pride and nods in affirmation.

INT. VIEWING CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Selene enters a narrow room lined with marble benches. It's cold as hell in here, quiet. She strolls up to a large mirror and stares at her reflection. BZZZ! It becomes TRANSPARENT.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE CRYPT peers out from a security booth on the opposite side of the glass. He knows exactly why she is here. Selene nods her thanks as he hits a button.

The opposite wall SPLITS IN HALF to reveal a thick Plexiglas window. She slowly approaches it, peers into--

THE CRYPT

Darkly lit, cavernous, with a countersunk area crafted of polished granite.

In the center of this lower area, housed within a concentric pattern of interwoven Celtic circles, are three very special hatches; each ornately engraved with a single letter:

There's a V for VIKTOR, an M for MARCUS and an A for AMELIA. These are the tombs of the vampire elders.

INT. VIEWING CHAMBER

Selene leans against the barrier and stares at Viktor's tomb.  
Her breath steams the frigid glass.

INT. GRAND CORRIDOR

Erika storms up to the viewing chamber entrance. She swallows  
her wounded pride, puts on a calm face, opens the heavy door.

INT. VIEWING CHAMBER

ON SELENE, gazing at Viktor's tomb.

ERIKA (OS)  
It's a waste of time.

SELENE  
(without turning)  
What is?

Erika enters frame, slides up next to her, motions towards  
Viktor's tomb.

ERIKA  
I seriously doubt Viktor would  
want you freezing your ass off  
in here, staring at his tomb  
for hours on end.

Selene turns, locks eyes with her.

SELENE  
No. He'd want the Death Dealers  
scouring every inch of the city.  
(then, aggravated)  
Kraven. He's a bureaucrat; not  
a warrior.

ERIKA  
What's the difference? He'd  
still be a prick.

She slumps against the glass, flashes a wicked grin.

ERIKA  
But then again, he is quite the  
devilishly handsome prick.

SELENE  
Trust me, he's all yours.

This is clearly a sore subject with Erika, but she quickly shakes it off and forces a dry smile.

ERIKA

Come on, we need to get  
you ready.

SELENE

(clueless)

For what?

Erika rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - SAME TIME

A FLOCK OF VAMPIRE DIGNITARIES are led to a limo by the head of Kraven's private security force. This is Soren, but he will be known simply as KRAVEN'S BODYGUARD.

He activates his radio headset as he slides into the limo.

BODYGUARD

We're on the move.

INT. SELENE'S ROOM - LATER

Selene, still in her leathers, has attached the digital camera to her LAPTOP and is busily clicking through the photos of the lycans. Erika passes by, holding an elegant dress.

She strolls up to a mirror, holds the dress in front of her.

ERIKA

Oooo, yes. You should definitely  
wear this one. It's perfect.

(then, sotto)

Maybe too perfect.

ON SELENE as she realizes that Michael, though usually out of focus, shows up in more than a few of the photos. She stares at him for a moment, then closes her eyes.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - FLASHBACK

SELENE'S POV - The smaller lycan thunders across the platform, clawed fingers outstretched, closing in on Michael.

RESUME SCENE

Selene's eyes peel open. Realization floods her face.



SELENE

They were after you.

Using her photo utility, she enlarges the photo and adjusts the focus. Michael's face comes into sharp relief, as does the edge of his Hospital employee badge.

Selene sits there for a moment, lost in thought, staring into Michael's eyes. Erika sneaks a peek over her shoulder.

ERIKA

Mmm, he's cute... for a human.

KRAVEN (OS)

Who's cute?

They turn to find Kraven standing behind them, pouting, clearly perturbed that Selene isn't ready. Erika gives a quick bow and shuffles out of the room, closing the door behind her.

Locking his hands behind his back, Kraven strolls over to the balcony window and peers out into the rainy night.

KRAVEN

Need I remind you that we're expecting important guests?

SELENE

No, Erika's done that at least twenty times in the past hour.

Kraven turns, flashes a wounded look.

KRAVEN

Then why haven't you slipped into something more befitting? You know I was planning for you to be at my side this evening.

SELENE

I'm not in the mood. Take Erika, she's just dying to be at your side.

This brings a strange little grin to Kraven's face. He leans down close to her, much too close for her liking.

KRAVEN

I'm sure she is... but everyone knows it's you that I desire.

He moves to kiss her on the cheek, but she edges away from him at the last moment. Kraven exhales deeply, stands.

KRAVEN

I can see we're still pouting  
over my decision... if you  
ask me, you take this warrior  
business far too seriously.

(a sly grin)

What's the use of being immortal  
if you deny yourself the simple  
pleasures in life?

Selene points to Michael's photo on the computer screen.

SELENE

(all business)

Do you see this human?

KRAVEN

(defeated)

What of him?

SELENE

I can't be positive, but I'm  
beginning to think the lycans--

Kraven cuts her off as headlights flash across the window. His  
bodyguard has arrived with the visiting dignitaries.

KRAVEN

Ahhhh, at last!

He turns to her, his mood instantly lifted.

KRAVEN

Now, please, put on something  
elegant and be quick about it.  
I have a glorious evening  
planned. You'll see.

He whirls around and strides off towards the door.

SELENE

Kraven, this is serious. I  
think they were following him.

Kraven pauses, almost as if he's just heard a bad joke.

KRAVEN

How absurd. Other than food,  
why would lycans stalk a human?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LYCAN INFIRMARY

THREE HUMAN MALES are strung up like sides of beef, battered, bruised, gagged with nylon webbing. These are the CANDIDATES. Behind them, dark windows conceal our location.

The infirmary itself is dingy, dark, and stacked with chemistry equipment. Grungy plastic sheets dangle from the ceiling. You could easily picture Josef Mengele doing research here.

The tiled walls are plastered with photos, maps, and pages of scratched out names, all neatly arranged around an ancient FAMILY TREE labeled CORVINUS.

SINGE, a weathered lycan scientist, limps behind the men and nonchalantly jams a terrifying GLASS SYRINGE into CANDIDATE #3's jugular vein! He writhes in agony.

SINGE

Come on, stop whining. It  
can't be that bad.

He tugs back on the plunger and the syringe fills with blood.

SINGE

Don't worry, everything's going  
to be just fine.

He squirts the blood into a glass beaker labeled #3. KA-BOOM!  
The door swings open and Lucian sweeps into the infirmary.

LUCIAN

Any progress?

An electronic timer BEEPS. Singe smiles.

SINGE

Let's find out.

He moves over to another beaker of fluid, this one labeled #1.  
He gives it a stir. The fluid turns blue.

SINGE

Negative.

Lucian watches, clearly disappointed, as Singe limps over to the list of names: Corvins, Carvins, Kerwins; plus names like Clayton and Rodman, listed as "changed due to marriage."

Singe frowns, scratches out the man's name: JAMES T. CORVIN.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LOCAL HOSPITAL

ON THE NAME CORVIN, as written on a faded locker door. The door SLAMS shut to reveal Michael, hastily pulling his shirt over his head.

His shift is over, but his eyes betray the fact that he's still a little edgy from the shootout. He shuffles off towards the exit, then suddenly pauses, as if he's forgotten something.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

Michael peers through the ICU window at the gunshot girl. She's unconscious, fresh out of surgery, on life support.

ADAM (OS)

Don't you ever go home?

Michael turns. DR. ADAM LOCKWOOD is standing behind him. He's about 32, prematurely balding, a nice guy; albeit tired as hell and sipping on his ninth or tenth cup of coffee.

MICHAEL

Heading there now.

ADAM

Lucky bastard.

MICHAEL

Workin' a split.

ADAM

Looks like you just pulled a triple.

Michael is clearly not in the joking mood, he turns his attention back to the gunshot girl.

MICHAEL

Is she gonna make it?

ADAM

I think so. She's stabilized at least. Poor kid got caught in the middle of that shootout down in the subway.

MICHAEL

I know... I was there.

ADAM

What?

Michael turns to Adam, shows off his blood-stained shirt.

MICHAEL

Front row.

He turns his attention back to the girl. Then, softly:

MICHAEL

I saw her take that bullet.

ADAM

(disgusted)

This city is going straight  
to hell.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CHAMBER - UNDERWORLD

Welcome to hell: a massive subterranean bunker system built during WWII. The main chamber was once as a storehouse. It's dark, dismal, strewn with rubble. Several sections are flooded with stagnate water. Rusted chains dangle from the ceiling.

In the shadows we can make out the ruins of the bunker system. It resembles an asylum: a dark and twisted maze of war torn passageways, dark chambers, barred windows, shattered tiles.

Raze (back to his human form) comes stumbling from the shadows, scratched up, bloody, carrying the body of his partner: the smaller lycan. He winces in pain, glances down at the four silver stars embedded in his chest.

There are WEREWOLVES here, obscured in shadow, lounging amid the shattered debris like a pack of lazy junkyard dogs. Raze moves past them, enters a dark opening.

INT. INFIRMARY

Raze dumps the body of his comrade down on a metal exam table, then turns to face Lucian and Singe. He's drained of energy, clearly in pain.

RAZE

We were ambushed. Death Dealers.  
Three of 'em. I killed two, but  
one got away. A woman.

LUCIAN

And the candidate?

Raze lowers his head, ashamed.

RAZE

We lost him.

Lucian turns, stares out the dark window, exasperated. Singe turns his attention to the dead lycan.

SINGE

Look at this mess.

RAZE

They dosed him. A.g. rounds.  
High content. Prevented him  
from making the change.

Grabbing a pair of forceps, Singe reaches deep into one of the dead lycan's wounds and tugs out the bloodied, mushroom-shaped remains of a shiny silver bullet.

SINGE

No use in digging out the rest.  
Silver's penetrated his organs.  
Regeneration's impossible at  
this point. He's done for.

(then, to Raze)

Ah, but there's still hope for  
you, my friend. So let's take  
a look at these nasty little  
stickers, shall we?

He picks up a Hex-wrench and gently grabs one of the stars.  
Raze tenses up in preparation for the pain to come.

SINGE

Relax.

Singe slides the wrench into a depression, applies pressure,  
turns it. CLICK! Raze winces in agony as Singe releases the  
locking blades and slowly tugs the star from his flesh.

SINGE

See? Not that bad.

Raze just glares at him. A thought suddenly strikes Lucian.  
He locks eyes with Raze.

LUCIAN

The vampires didn't realize you  
were following a human... did  
they, Raze?

Singe slides the Hex-wrench into the next star.

RAZE

No -- Ahhhhhh.

CLICK! He winces as the second star is tugged from his chest. Then, swallowing the pain:

RAZE

I mean... I don't think so.

LUCIAN

You don't think, or you don't know?

Singe slides the Hex-wrench into the third star.

RAZE

I'm not sure -- RRGGGGG!

CLICK! He scowls in absolute misery as the locking blades are released and the third star is removed from his chest.

SINGE

Oooo, that one was really in there.

Raze glares at him, lips trembling, emits a LOW GROWL. A TIMER begins to BEEP. Singe checks the other beakers. All blue.

SINGE

Negative, the lot. We're running out of candidates, rapidly. So I really must insist we have a look at this Michael.

Lucian glances at Raze, clearly disgusted, then sweeps out of the infirmary. Singe turns to Raze, smiles.

SINGE

Congratulations. I think you just made his shitlist.

This infuriates Raze. Tearing the remaining star from his own chest, he rears back and hurls it at candidate #3!

The man clamps his eyes shut. WHACK! The star sticks into the wall, just an inch or so from his head. Singe chuckles, which drives Raze right over the edge.

With a demonic roar, he grabs the man and launches him through one of the dark windows and out into the main chamber, CRASH!

The (OS) THUD of the man SLAMMING the ground below is met by a CHORUS of INHUMAN GROWLS!

A RUSH of SHADOWY MOVEMENT past the window, too quick to fully register: MUSCLED FLESH, TERRIFYING FANGS, OILY-BLACK EYES.

Outside, down in the shadows of the main chamber, a terrible feeding frenzy ensues. The SHRILL CRIES of the candidate dissolve into a VIOLIN CRESCENDO as we--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GRAND SALON - VIKTOR'S MANSION

Elegant, reserved. Bach drifts through warm candlelight. Blood flows into crystal chalices.

Kraven is huddled with a group of visiting dignitaries. This is the kind of scene that he absolutely lives for, yet he seems preoccupied, vexed. He scans the crowd, looking for Selene.

DIGNITARY

Our noble houses may be separated  
by a great ocean, but we are equally  
committed to the survival of the  
bloodlines. And when Amelia arrives  
to awaken Marcus, in just two days  
time, we will once again be united  
as a single Coven.

Erika slinks up behind Kraven, whispers something in his ear.

INT. SELENE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kraven storms through the deserted room and out onto--

SELENE'S BALCONY

Kraven grips the railing, his knuckles turning pale as Selene's car exits the property and goes tearing off into the night.

INT. SELENE'S ROOM

Kraven sweeps through the room, exits. CAMERA PANS to Selene's laptop. Frozen on the screen is a profile on Michael, a page from the hospital employee database: his picture, address, etc.

WE MOVE CLOSER, pushing in on his apartment number: 510.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - TOP FLOOR - LOW-RENT APARTMENT BUILDING

ON #510, as displayed on a grungy door. KA-BOOM! The door is kicked open and Selene strides into Michael's apartment.



INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Lucian's henchmen, now dressed as cops, are having a little chat with Adam. (NOTE: These are the two lycans who were fighting each other as werewolves back on page 8.)

ADAM

No, he's working a split shift.  
You'll have to either try him at  
home or wait until he comes back.

The lycans trade a look. They seem edgy, nervous.

ADAM

He isn't in any kind of  
trouble is he?

But before they can answer we--

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT

Stark, functional, could almost pass for a hotel room. Selene moves along with surgical precision, searching. She opens a desk drawer, sifts through a mound of papers and envelopes.

Deep down, as if hidden away, she discovers an envelope filled with old photographs. She flips through them: photos of Michael, his girlfriend, family, friends, etc.

She starts flipping through them faster, almost as if they are a painful reminder of the humanity she has lost somewhere in the mists of time.

She comes to a dog-eared photo of Michael and his girlfriend, arm in arm, with a breathtaking sunset for a backdrop. They look incredibly happy, deeply in love.

Selene's jaw tightens ever so slightly as she stares at the photo. A beat, then she drops the stack of photos onto the floor like trash and strides over to a bookshelf.

She slowly drags her finger along the spines of the books. All medical tomes. As she reaches the end, she finds a Stethoscope hung on a nail. The telephone suddenly RINGS, startling her.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE MICHAEL'S APARTMENT

The phone continues to RING. Michael shuffles up to his door, finds it ajar. What the hell? CLICK! His answering machine kicks into gear:

MICHAEL (VO)

Hey, this is Michael, you  
know what to do.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT

Michael cautiously enters. BEEP! He stops in his tracks as  
the answering machine records a frantic message:

ADAM (VO)

Hey, Mike, it's Adam. Look,  
the police were just in here  
looking for you and they were  
convinced you were involved in  
the shootout. I told them there  
was no way you'd be mixed up in--

WHAM! A SHADOW explodes from the darkness and viciously SLAMS  
Michael against the wall, pinning him there! Selene leans into  
view, flinty-eyed, fingers gripped tightly around his throat.

SELENE

Why are they after you?!

Michael just stares at her, shocked, bewildered. He looks  
down, stunned to discover that his feet are a good six inches  
off the floor! He looks back up, recognition floods his face.

MICHAEL

You.

Suddenly, BOOM!-BOOM!-BOOM! The apartment TREMBLES and plaster  
rains down as THREE HEAVY OBJECTS land on the roof! Releasing  
Michael, Selene whips out her Glock 18 and unloads the entire  
clip into the ceiling, full auto! A BURST of TERRIFYING ROARS!

SELENE

STAY DOWN!!!

She turns, Michael is gone!

INT. HALLWAY

Selene comes racing out of the apartment just in time to see  
the elevator doors closing on Michael.

CRASH! She whirls around as THREE WEREWOLVES explode through  
the fire escape window and come bounding down the shadowy  
corridor, fangs bared, heading straight for her!

She turns to flee but the hallway ends with another apartment  
door. Worse still, the stairs are at the other end of the  
corridor, beyond the charging werewolves!

She opens fire, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Then, yanking a second Glock from her belt, she spins on her heels, tracing a circular pattern around her boots with automatic fury! Splinters fly.

KA-RUUUNCH! A JAGGED HOLE opens up and Selene drops through!

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Selene SLAMS down amid a dusty avalanche of shredded wood and carpet. Damn, the elevator is still going down. She whirls around, sees the stairwell -- her only escape route.

ROAR! A TERRIFYING HAND EXPLODES through the jagged hole and takes a swipe at her! She ducks, then explodes into motion, firing away at the ceiling as she scrambles for the stairs.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! The HALLWAY QUAKES and TERRIFYING CLAWS PIERCE THE CEILING as the werewolves, a floor above, race to beat her to the punch.

INT. ELEVATOR/LOBBY

Michael cringes as GROWLS and GUNSHOTS echo through the building. The elevator bumps to a stop at the lobby.

The doors slide open to reveal Lucian, hands clasped behind his back, calm, relaxed. He looks up, smiles.

LUCIAN  
Hello, Michael.

(NOTE: Dangling around Lucian's neck is a STAR-SHAPED PENDANT.)

Without warning, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Lucian is peppered with bullets, one grazing his temple!

Startled by the impact he dives into the elevator, knocking Michael over in the process. They fall to the floor, tangled in a jumble. Rivulets of blood course down Lucian's face.

He grabs his forehead. Shit, that hurt!

WE SLIP INTO SLOW MOTION as, WHOOSH! Selene, like a leather clad ghost, flows past the twin doors and grabs hold of Michael's leg. But as she tugs him from the elevator--

Lucian surges forward, a blood-soaked demon, and SINKS HIS FANGS INTO MICHAEL'S SHOULDER! Blood flows.

(NOTE: he has four fangs: two upper, and two lower.)

RESUME NORMAL SPEED. WHAM! Michael is gone, pulled to safety by Selene, who has no idea that he has been bitten.

INT. LOBBY

Selene drags Michael kicking and screaming towards the front entrance. He's trying like hell to break her grip, but it's useless. She has the strength of ten men.

MICHAEL

Goddamnit, let go of me! Stop!

He drops to his knees, but Selene angrily adjusts her grip and starts dragging him by his collar.

INT. ELEVATOR

Lucian tugs a glass vial from his pocket and spits a tiny bit of Michael's blood into it. Climbing to his feet, he unbuttons his shirt and glances down at his bullet-stitched chest.

He takes a deep breath, stares at the ceiling. A strange look washes over him. He closes his eyes. Muscles ripple beneath his skin, the tendons in his neck stand taunt like steel cords.

Then, one by one, each of his wounds "GIVES BIRTH" to a silver bullet! CLINK-CLINK-CLINK. They clatter to the floor.

EXT. ALLEY

Selene forces Michael into her car.

INT. SELENE'S CAR

Suddenly, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Lucian's henchmen, still dressed as cops, race up behind them, firing away as Selene puts the pedal to the metal and goes screeching down the alley.

Michael's face goes white! The cops really are after him!

MICHAEL

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!!!

EXT. STREET

As Selene's car squeals around a corner, Lucian comes striding out of Michael's apartment building.

INT. CAR

Michael whips his head around, peers through the rear window. Lucian is now racing after the car with preternatural speed!

WHOOSH! He pounces forward like a wild beast. Michael and Selene react as, KA-RUNCH! He CRASHES down on the trunk and scrambles up onto the roof.

EXT. STREET

Lucian, now perched on the roof of the car, rears back in fury. SHA-SHANK! A BLACK BLADE, double-edged and 12 inches long, SNAPS out of his sleeve with spring-loaded force!

INSIDE THE CAR

SHANK! SHANK! SHANK! Michael cringes in terror as Lucian punches *through* the roof and takes several stabs at Selene!

MICHAEL

WATCH OUT!

SHANK! The blade finds its mark, sliding all the way through Selene's shoulder! She yelps in shock, SLAMS on the brakes.

RESUME STREET

The car comes SCREECHING to a halt. Lucian is launched off the roof and rolls to a stop in front of the car!

BACK IN THE CAR

Selene slams her foot down on the gas.

MICHAEL

NO!!!

RESUME STREET

TIRES SQUEAL as the car roars forward! THWACK! Lucian is launched into orbit.

But as the car SCREECHES off into the night, he lands on his feet, stealthy, panther-like, eyes smoldering with controlled anger. SHANK! The blade retracts into his sleeve.

INT. SELENE'S CAR

Selene is bleeding profusely. Michael frantically attempts to apply pressure to her wound.

MICHAEL

Stop the car! STOP THE CAR!

Selene angrily slaps his hand away, aims her pistol at him.

SELENE

Back off!

Michael reacts to the gun and does just that, backs off.

MICHAEL

Okay, okay. But you've lost a lot of blood. You're going to pass out and get us both killed.

Selene smirks in defiance, slams her foot down on the gas.

SELENE

Wanna bet?

MICHAEL

I'm not screwing around!

SELENE

Either am I! Now shut up and hold on! I'll be fine.

Michael grips the dashboard in horror as she makes a sharp turn into the--

EXT. WATERFRONT DISTRICT - ALONG THE DANUBE RIVER

Selene's car screams down an access road, passing a series of dilapidated warehouses, docks and cranes.

IN THE CAR

Selene shakes her head, blinks. Michael was right! She slumps over, passed out cold! The car swerves wildly. Michael grabs the steering wheel. Tires SCREECH! His eyes go wide as--

EXT. WATERFRONT

-- KA-BOOM! The car PLOWS through a guard rail and skips down the embankment, tumbling repeatedly, heading straight for the dark river!

INSIDE THE CAR

One final bounce. The world becomes eerily silent as the water rushes towards the car. KA-BOOM!-SPLASH! Impact. Michael's head SLAMS against the passenger window, cracking the glass!

INT./EXT. CAR - UNDERWATER

Eerie darkness swallows them whole as the car slides beneath the surface, its spinning tires churning bubbles and trash.

Michael feverishly tries to open the door as they sink to the muddy bottom, water spraying everywhere. He grabs Selene's gun, SHOOTS the window. BANG!-CRASH! A tidal wave rushes in.

## EXT. RIVER SURFACE - MOMENTS LATER

Michael breaks the surface, choking and sputtering, with Selene tight in his grip. Her head slumps to the side. She's bone white, lifeless.

## EXT. UNDER THE DOCK SYSTEM - MOMENTS LATER

Damp, claustrophobic; only a few inches of headroom. Michael drags Selene onto the muddy shore. Trash everywhere, filth.

Water gurgles from Selene's mouth as he lays her down in the mud. Teeth chattering wildly, he clasps his hands together and presses down sharply on her abdomen: once, twice, three times.

Selene gags, water comes streaming from her mouth and nose. She starts to cough and sputter. Her eyes open momentarily, just long enough to look up and see Michael kneeling above her.

Michael tears open her shirt to inspect her wounds. His VISION suddenly becomes BLURRY. He touches his forehead, winces, tugs back bloody fingers. Shit, he has a concussion.

## INT. INFIRMARY - LATER

Lucian's henchmen are briefing Singe. Lucian comes strolling in. His jacket is stitched with bullet holes, but, amazingly, his wounds have all but healed.

## SINGE

A second escape. Impressive.  
Perhaps Raze wasn't overstating  
matters.

A grin slides up Lucian's face. He tugs the vial of Michael's blood from his pocket.

## LUCIAN

Raze didn't bring back this.

Singe's eyes light up as Lucian tosses him the vial. A beat, then a look of grave concern takes hold.

## SINGE

If Michael is indeed The Carrier,  
the vampires could--

## LUCIAN

Relax, old friend. I've tasted  
his flesh. Just two days 'till  
full moon. Soon he will be a lycan.  
Soon he will come looking for us.

INT. KRAVEN'S SUITE - DAWN

Kraven stands before a heavily-polarized window, staring out over the grounds as the sun crawls into the sky. The look on his face says it all: where is Selene?

EXT. UNDER THE DOCK - LATER

Selene awakens to discover that Michael has dressed her wounds. He's passed out cold, head nestled on her shoulder, much like a lover. Selene looks around. DAYLIGHT EVERYWHERE, stabbing down through cracks and knotholes like a million deadly lasers!

SELENE

Perfect.

PFFFTTT! A beam of sunlight crosses her fingers!

She yanks her hand back, winces in pain as tendrils of smoke rise from the burn. She slams her finger into the cold muck, exhales deeply. Shit, this is going to be one long-ass day.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON A GLASS BEAKER filled with clear plasma. PLINK-PLINK. Several drops of Michael's blood are added.

SINGE (OS)

It's a shame we don't have more.

The concoction is stirred with a glass rod. Violet swirls materialize, wisp-like, chasing after the rod like miniature contrails aglow in the setting sun.

SINGE (OS)

Positive.

Lucian drops down into frame, peers through the swirling fluid. A look of childish wonder overtakes him. He's waited a long time for this moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNDER THE DOCK - AFTERNOON

Selene watches as a BEAM OF GOLDEN SUNLIGHT glides across the muck. There's nowhere to go and it's headed straight for her!

She glances down at Michael, who's still unconscious. Biting her lip, she does a pushup and sexily straddles his waist.



She watches in absolute fascination as the beam crawls across his cheek, bathing his face in golden light. He gives a moan, sweat beads on his forehead.

INT. SELENE'S ROOM - LATER

Michael is laid out on a chaise lounge. His eyes peel open to find Selene looming above him. He attempts to sit up, but she pushes him right back down.

SELENE  
Lay still. Your skull's  
taken a good knock.

Michael groans. He's groggy, confused, barely conscious.

SELENE  
Do you have any idea why those  
men were after you?

MICHAEL  
... Where...?

SELENE  
You're safe... I'm Selene.

Michael moves to say something but he drifts right back off into unconsciousness. Selene gives a sigh, dampens a cloth, mops his forehead.

ERIKA (OS)  
So, for once the rumors were  
true!

Selene turns, shoots Erika a cool gaze as she comes strutting up to the lounge. Not only has she rudely invited herself in, she's prying into Selene's personal business.

ERIKA  
The whole house is absolutely  
buzzing about your new pet.

A thought suddenly strikes her.

ERIKA  
Oh, my God. You're going to  
try to turn him, aren't you?

SELENE  
Of course not.

Erika makes a slow circle around the chaise lounge, dragging her fingers along the edge of the pillows.

ERIKA

Your stance on humans is a matter of record.

SELENE

I have no stance. I have nothing to do with them.

ERIKA

Exactly. So why bring him here?

Selene glances down at Michael, mystified. Then, softly:

SELENE

He saved my life.

Erika is stunned by this, and slightly jealous. An awkward beat, then Selene locks eyes with her.

SELENE

(suspiciously)

Why are you here?

ERIKA

Kraven sent me. He wants to see you. Now.

INT. KRAVEN'S SUITE - LATER

THUNDER BOOMS! Rain slashes the windows. Kraven and Selene are at each other's throats.

KRAVEN

Completely unacceptable. You go against my orders and spend the daylight hours away from the shelter of the mansion -- with a human?! A human you have since brought back into my house?!!!

SELENE

The last time I checked, this was still Viktor's house!

Growling in fury, Kraven stalks over to the window and peers out into the stormy night. Selene lowers her voice.

SELENE

Look, I don't want to argue. I just need you to understand that Michael is somehow important to the lycans.

Kraven turns to her, eyes smoldering with suspicion.

KRAVEN

So now it's Michael.

SELENE

Kraven, would you just hear me out? There's something--

KRAVEN

(cutting her off)

It's beyond me why you're still obsessing over this ridiculous theory! Lucian wouldn't be the slightest bit interested in a human, Michael or otherwise!

Selene reacts to hearing Lucian's name, but says nothing. He mistakes her reaction for something entirely different.

KRAVEN

Wait. You're infatuated with him. Admit it.

SELENE

There's a ridiculous theory.

Kraven grins in frustration, wild eyed, filled with rage.

KRAVEN

Is it?

INT. SELENE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Michael is still dead to the world. Erika is cuddled beside him, playfully tickling his neck, twirling his hair, etc.

She suddenly takes notice to several tiny rips in his jacket. She lifts his shirt collar to reveal the SWOLLEN BITE WOUND on his shoulder. Her eyes widen. Holy shit, that's a lycan bite!

(NOTE: Like a canine bite the wound has four puncture marks.)

Suddenly, a FLASH of LIGHTNING! Michael snaps awake, screaming at the top of his lungs! This startles the hell out of Erika, who leaps up like a frightened cat and STICKS to the ceiling!

He looks up at her, stunned, like a man caught in a bad dream.

INT. GRAND CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Selene chases after Kraven as he storms down the hall.

SELENE

What are you planning to do  
to him?!

KRAVEN

WHATEVER I PLEASE!!!

EXT. SELENE'S BALCONY

It's still raining like hell. Michael comes stumbling out of Selene's room and peers over the railing. Shit. It's a good twenty foot drop to the ground.

He turns, looks back into Selene's room. Erika drops to the floor, bares her fangs, hisses at him like a pissed off cat!

Michael's reaction says it all: screw that! He grabs the wet railing, struggles to climb over. THUNDER BOOMS! He slips!

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Michael plummets two stories and SLAMS down on the wet grass! Suddenly, a BARRAGE OF NASTY GROWLS! Michael shakes off the impact, lifts his head. His eyes widen. Holy shit.

THREE ROTWEILERS are scrambling towards him, chewing up turf like the Hounds of Hell! He takes off, limping like mad, the attack dogs in hot pursuit.

He pours on the steam, heads for the perimeter fence.

INT. SELENE'S ROOM

Erika is given a second start as Kraven storms into the room, furious, ready to kill Michael.

Selene races in on his heels. Kraven strides over to the window, sees the dogs barking at the fence. Michael is gone.

KRAVEN

Leave us!

Erika flees the room, closing the door behind her. Kraven whirls around towards Selene, eyes smoldering. She stares right back at him, unmoved, resolute. A simmering beat.

Kraven steps forward. He opens his mouth to say something, then suddenly changes his mind and viciously backhands her instead!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DOJO - LATER

WHACK-CHACK! A CERAMIC BUST snaps out from behind an ornate pillar. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! An EXPLOSION OF WHITE SHARDS as it's SHATTERED by GUNFIRE. ANOTHER ANGLE REVEALS--

SELENE

pistol in hand, blowing off steam at the dojo's shooting range. Kraven's slap has clearly lit her fuse. Kahn slinks up behind her, quietly admires her deadly accuracy.

Selene shoots until the slide snaps back. She ejects the empty ammo clip, grabs a fresh one, angrily slams it into her gun.

KAHN

Sure hope you never get pissed  
off at me.

Selene almost smiles as she turns back towards the range.

KAHN

Hold on, check this out.

He tugs a WICKED-LOOKING PISTOL from his belt, hands it to her. She balances it in her grip, testing its weight. This is the SILVER NITRATE GUN.

Kahn taps his boot down on a button. WHACK-CHACK! A NEW CERAMIC TARGET snaps into position.

KAHN

Go ahead, squeeze off a few.

Selene turns back towards the range, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

CLOSE ON THE TARGET as it's cratered with a tight grouping of bullet hits. METALLIC LIQUID oozes from the ceramic wounds.

KAHN

Eject the mag.

Selene does so. Her eyes light up. The bullets are almost identical to the lycan UV rounds, only these are filled with metallic liquid: Silver Nitrate.

SELENE

You've copied the lycan rounds.

KAHN

No use in wasting a good design.

Selene removes one of the liquid-filled bullets, rolls it between her fingers.

SELENE

Silver Nitrate?

KAHN

A lethal dose.

SELENE

Excellent. So they won't be able to dig these out like they do with our normal rounds.

KAHN

Straight into the blood stream.

(a smirk)

Nothin' to dig out.

SELENE

Does Kraven know about this?

She hands the gun back to him.

KAHN

Of course. He approved it.

CHA-CHINK! He racks the slide back, removes the barrel, goes about inspecting the rifling. Selene slumps against the wall, as if lost in thought. A moment passes, then:

SELENE

Tell me, Kahn, do you believe Lucian died the way they say he did?

A grin slides up Kahn's face as he continues to disassemble the Silver Nitrate gun.

KAHN

Kraven been telling war stories again?

SELENE

That's my point. It's a 200 year old story. His story. There's not a shred of proof he killed Lucian. Only his word.

That got Kahn's attention. He shoots her a deadly serious look, lowers his voice.

KAHN

I have never underestimated  
Kraven's lust for advancement.  
And neither should you. Now  
where are you going with this?

Shrugging it off, Selene grabs her Glock and turns back toward  
the firing range.

SELENE

Nowhere.

She opens fire, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Shattering the target.

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

It's raining like hell. A limo pulls up to the curb. We're in  
a seedy part of town. In the background, rainwater cascades  
over the side of a graffiti-ridden overpass.

Kraven and his bodyguard appear from the shadows. Raze climbs  
out of the limo, trades a simmering look with the bodyguard as  
he opens the rear door. These two clearly hate each other.

Kraven slides into the shadowy backseat, which appears to be  
empty. Raze closes the door and Kraven disappears behind a  
pane of black privacy glass.

Raze and the bodyguard take up positions on opposite sides of  
the limo. They stand there, frozen in silence, immortal  
warriors glaring at each other through the driving rain.

INT. LIMO

Kraven is a mess, soaking wet, furious.

KRAVEN

Engaging Death Dealers in  
public and chasing around  
after some human was not  
what I had in mind! You  
were told to set up shop  
and lay low, not--

WHACK! A HAND EXPLODES from the darkness and throttles Kraven!  
Lucian materializes from the shadows, leans into view.

LUCIAN

Calm yourself, Kraven.

His fingernails elongate, becoming razor sharp claws that dig  
into Kraven's flesh. He grips him harder, choking him.

LUCIAN

The human doesn't concern you.

He suddenly grins, releases his grip. Kraven slumps forward, clutching his throat.

LUCIAN

And, besides, I've laid low for quite long enough.

KRAVEN

(strained)

Lucian, I beg you, keep your men at bay... at least for the time being.

LUCIAN

Just concentrate on your part. Don't force me to regret my decision to let you live.

EXT. STREET

WHAM! The limo door SLAMS shut to reveal Kraven standing on the curb. The limo goes tearing off into the rainy night, swamping his shoes with filthy water.

He stands there for a moment, boiling with anger, then whirls around towards his bodyguard.

KRAVEN

Get the fucking car!

INT./EXT. CAB - SAME TIME

Michael, soaked and feverish, rides in the back seat. His face runs pale as they approach--

EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING (HIS POV)

SEVERAL COPS are posted outside. It's a crime scene. The cops turn, stare right at the passing cab.

BACK IN THE CAB

Michael pounds the seat, startling the hell out of the DRIVER.

MICHAEL

Move, move, move! Keep goin'!  
Keep goin'!

DRIVER

Alright, alright, I'm going!



INT. ARCHIVE HALL - VIKTOR'S MANSION - LATER

A classic Victorian study packed with books, historical records, antiques, etc. Outside, the storm is still going strong. Rain pelts the windows, creating eerie shadows.

Selene enters, scans the study, settles upon a closet door.

INT. ARCHIVE CLOSET

The doorknob jiggles. It's locked. KA-BOOM! Dusty light pours in as Selene kicks the door open. Inside, locked away behind a thick glass case are SEVERAL ANCIENT TOMES.

INT. ARCHIVE HALL - LATER

Selene, surrounded by ancient books, is now perched on the sill of a circular window, twenty feet above the floor.

A SERIES OF RAPID DISSOLVES

as she pores through the tomes, scanning ancient calligraphy and ink sketches: the history of her people.

The further she goes back in time the more disturbing the images become: wild blood orgies, the slaughter of innocent humans, and faded etchings depicting the war with the lycans.

Some images more closely resemble genocide than outright war: lycans being tortured and burned at the stake!

END DISSOLVE SEQUENCE

Selene flips through a series of etchings that depict vampire masters with lycan slaves! Several images show lycans being viciously branded like cattle!

SELENE

What are these... ancient myths?

She runs her finger down a page, furrows her brow. The ancient text is tiny, indecipherable, not unlike alien chicken-scratch. She grabs another book, circa the late 18th Century.

Her eyes light up. This one is in plain old English, but many of the entries have been blackened with ink and dozens of pages have been torn out. Hmmm, now this is interesting.

Dropping down to the floor, she continues leafing through the book. She discovers A PORTRAIT OF A MAN. But someone has burned a hole through the page, leaving his face a mystery.

Her eyes suddenly light up. Dangling around his neck, barely visible amid the charred parchment, is a STAR-SHAPED PENDANT!

The caption reads "Lucian, war criminal, master of the lycan horde. Born to darkness 1361. Put down by Kraven 1798."

INT. LOBBY - MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FLASHBACK

SELENE'S POV - as she rounds a corner and sees Lucian poised in front of the elevator. His hand jerks up, obscuring his face.

We zero in on the STAR-SHAPED PENDANT dangling around Lucian's neck: it's identical to the pendant in the charred etching!

RESUME ARCHIVE

Realization floods Selene's face. Lucian could still be alive! She whirls around to exit, stunned to find Erika behind her.

ERIKA

I've been looking for you  
everywhere.

SELENE

Not now.

As she moves to exit, Erika blocks the door with her arm.

ERIKA

He's been bitten. Your human.  
He's been marked by a lycan.

SELENE

Did Kraven put you up to this?

ERIKA

No! I saw the wound with my  
own eyes. I swear it!

Selene locks eyes with Erika, then shoots a cool glance down at her arm. Erika steps aside, allows her to pass.

ERIKA

But what about the Covenant?

Then, as she watches Selene storm off down the corridor:

ERIKA

You know it's forbidden!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

Adam is making his rounds. He passes a door, WHAM! It flies open and Michael tugs him into--

INT./EXT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Adam watches with alarm as Michael paces erratically. He's beat up, bruised, feverish... paranoid.

MICHAEL

And ever since he bit me I've been having these, I dunno what you'd call 'em, hallucinations, delusions. All I know is that it feels like my fucking skull is splitting in half.

ADAM

A full grown man bit you?

Michael lifts his shirt, shows him the bite. Adam takes a closer look at the wound and its four puncture marks.

ADAM

Sure it wasn't a dog?

Michael angrily swats his hand away.

MICHAEL

It was a man, goddamnit!

ADAM

Okay, okay.

Clearly taken aback by Michael's outburst, Adam gently ushers him over to the exam table, urges him to sit.

ADAM

Come on, take a seat.

(Michael complies)

From the look of that bump on your head, I'm betting you have a mild concussion.

He inserts a digital thermometer into Michael's ear. Michael uses this moment to dab the bite wound with an alcohol swab.

MICHAEL

(a wince)

Ssssss. Concussion or not, this guy was after me, just like those cops...

The thermometer BEEPS. A look of concern takes hold of Adam. It reads 104 degrees.

ADAM

Jesus, you're burning up.

Ignoring him, Michael continues to ramble on as he applies a dab of Neosporin to the bite wound and starts to bandage it.

MICHAEL

And the woman from the subway,  
Selene, I dunno, maybe...  
(then, freaking out)  
Hell, for all I know they were  
all in on it together!

ADAM

For God's sake, Michael, in  
on what?!

MICHAEL

Haven't you been listening?  
She took me hostage!

ADAM

Alright, alright. Calm down.  
I'm going to help you get this  
all sorted out.

He moves to exit, Michael grabs his arm.

ADAM

Whoa! I'm just going run to  
my office and grab a number.  
A good friend of mine is a  
lawyer. He'll know what to do.

Michael releases his grip, slumps back against the counter.

MICHAEL

Sorry, I'm just...

ADAM

It's okay. Relax. I'll  
be right back. I promise.

He flashes a reassuring smile, turns to leave. But as he  
strides through the door, a look of concern washes over him.

Michael returns to pacing the floor. Several moments pass.  
He finally cracks the door and peeks out. A flash of panic.  
He closes the door, EXITS FRAME. WE HOLD ON THE DOOR.

Suddenly, CRASH! Glass shatters off screen. A moment passes, then, KA-BOOM! The door flies open and Lucian's henchmen, still masquerading as cops, come bursting in, guns drawn.

The examination room is empty and the window has been smashed. Adam sheepishly peeks in from the hallway as the lycans rush over to the shattered window and peer down at the street.

Michael is nowhere in sight. They turn to Adam.

ADAM

He was right here.

The lycans trade a look, thunder out of the room.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Adam closes the door to the exam room and takes off after them.

ADAM

Hey! You're not going to shoot him, are you?!

BACK IN THE EXAM ROOM

A cabinet slowly creaks open and Michael peeks out.

INT. SHOWER - SELENE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Billowing steam, polished marble. Selene stares off into space, lost in thought, as scouring water pelts her body.

INT. KRAVEN'S ROOM - FLASHBACK

Selene and Kraven are at each others throats.

KRAVEN

Lucian wouldn't be the slightest bit interested in a human, Michael or otherwise!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SELENE'S BATHROOM - BACK TO THE PRESENT

BOOM! The shower door BANGS OPEN and Selene comes striding from a cloud of steam, slick, naked, face written with sheer determination.

She strides up to the sink, draws a string of letters across the foggy vanity mirror: V I K T O R. A beat, then she swipes her hand across the mirror, erasing his name.

Bowing her head in reverence, she whispers:

SELENE  
Please forgive me...

She suddenly looks up, locks eyes with her reflection.

SELENE  
But I desperately need your  
guidance.

INT. SECURITY BOOTH - LATER

The crypt guard is bored shitless, staring blankly at a row of security monitors. Selene enters, in her Death Dealer outfit.

SELENE  
Kahn wants to see you.

INT. CRYPT - LATER

Selene is crouched over Viktor's tomb. She turns a heavy latch, CLICK-CLICK-THUD! GAS SPEWS as the seal is broken.

CHINK-CHINK-CHINK. A LARGE METAL SLAB motors upwards, pivoting smoothly on its axis as it emerges from the tomb. KER-CHUNK! It SNAPS into place horizontal to the floor.

Laid out on the slab is VIKTOR. He resembles a mummy, dried, withered, not much more than a collection of fragile bones shrink-wrapped in leatherized skin.

His arms and neck are mottled with metallic implants, the female components of an elaborate intravenous feeding system.

Selene tugs an ornate contraption made of twisted metal and curved glass from the side of the tomb drawer. This is the CATALYST DRIP. She positions it over Viktor's face.

Then, raising her arm, she BITES deeply into her wrist, tearing open a rather nasty wound!

She squeezes the wound, letting drops of blood splatter into a tiny bowl on the catalyst drip. We follow the blood as it flows down through a delicate spiral of glass and silver.

INT. RECOVERY CHAMBER

WHAM! A METAL DOOR is yanked open. Selene tugs out several IV bags filled with blood and piles them on an exam table. We're now inside the Plexiglas chamber at the far end of the crypt.

It's stark, antiseptic, filled with medical equipment and fine furniture. You get the feeling Howard Hughes would have been very comfortable here.

INT. CRYPT

CLOSE ON THE CATALYST DRIP, as Selene's blood continues to flow through the delicate spiral. A shimmering drop forms at the end, dangles precariously. A beat.

Gravity finally takes hold. The drop plummets through space and time and SPLATS on Viktor's lips.

INSIDE VIKTOR'S MOUTH

Dark, cavernous. Shafts of dusty light pour down through a tiny crack in his lips. DRIP-DRIP. BLOOD SPLATTERS the back of his throat, starts seeping into the dried flesh.

WE SLIP INTO MICROSCOPIC PERSPECTIVE

as withered cells greedily soak up the magic elixir. Dead cells begin to quiver, slowly at first, then faster, sparking to life at a geometric rate. Ancient capillaries snap taunt.

WHOOSH! VIBRANT CORPUSCLES FLOOD THE SCREEN as we--

SMASH CUT TO:

A SERIES OF IMAGES FLOODING INTO VIKTOR'S MIND:

(NOTE: Due to the fact that Selene is NOT adept in the transfer of genetic memories, these images will be chaotic, disturbing, and constantly hounded by ORGANIC GLITCHING EFFECTS.)

SELENE'S POV - VARIOUS TIMES & PLACES - (HER GENETIC MEMORIES)

-- SELENE, bathed in candlelight and dressed in Victorian-era clothing, stands before a window, staring at her reflection.

She tugs down her collar, inspects the fresh VAMPIRE BITE on her neck. But this is hardly the Selene we know. This is a downy innocent, pale, traumatized, lips trembling with shock.

A SHADOWY FIGURE strolls up behind her, places a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

WE ABRUPTLY FAST FORWARD, MEMORIES BURN PAST US WITH BLAZING INTENSITY. The ORGANIC GLITCHING EFFECTS become even more frenetic, contorting and flashing with sickening intensity.

We abruptly slow, catching a wild series of OUT OF ORDER FLASHBACK SNIPPETS:

-- SELENE standing before the foggy bathroom mirror.

-- THREE WEREWOLVES, partially hidden in shadow, charging down Michael's hallway, fangs bared.

-- KRAVEN and Selene embroiled in a terrible argument.

-- VIKTOR'S NAME drawn across the foggy mirror.

-- KRAVEN, surrounded by vampire women, the center of attention, hosting a modern-day blood orgy.

-- MICHAEL riding down the escalator.

-- VIKTOR laid out on his slab. Selene's bleeding wrist drops INTO FRAME. THE SCREEN GOES BLACK FOR A SPLIT SECOND. WE SUDDENLY REWIND, moving backwards at blinding speed, until--

-- SELENE stands before the mirror again. Now it becomes clear that she was talking to Viktor; not her reflection. She was preparing a message to be delivered via genetic memory!

SELENE

Please forgive me, but I desperately need your guidance. I apologize for breaking the chain and awakening you ahead of schedule. But I fear we may all be in grave danger. Especially you, My Lord, if left in your weakened state. For I believe Lucian is alive and well, here, now, in this very city, preparing to hit us during the awakening ceremony. Even more disturbing, is that Kraven may actually be in league with him!

INT. SECURITY BOOTH - SAME TIME

Kraven's bodyguard strides into the booth. It's empty. Where the hell is the Guardian of the Crypt? A concerned look washes over his face. He stabs a button.

INT. CRYPT VIEWING CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

The wall SPLITS IN HALF and the bodyguard peers through the thick glass. Everything is as it should be. The metal slab has been reinserted into the floor and the hatch to Viktor's tomb has been closed.

INT. RECOVERY CHAMBER

Selene stands frozen in the shadows. A beat. The wall closes. She breaths a sigh of relief as darkness envelopes her.



INT. SECURITY BOOTH

A surveillance monitor catches the bodyguard's attention: a taxicab has pulled into the driveway. He tugs out his cell phone, speed dials a number.

EXT. MANSION

Michael, the fever now upon him in full force, staggers up the driveway towards the security gate.

INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR

Erika and a GAGGLE OF SEXY SERVANT VAMPS do their best to keep up with Kraven as he sweeps down the hall.

INT. SECURITY BOOTH

Kraven strides in, fuming, annoyed by the interruption.

KRAVEN

What's so pressing?

His bodyguard points to the problem. Kraven reacts as--

ON THE MONITOR

-- Michael straggles up to the gate and peers directly into the security camera.

INT. CRYPT VIEWING CHAMBER

Selene slinks through the chamber and peeks into the service corridor. Confusion floods her face as she sees Erika and the other servants lingering near the door to the security booth.

MICHAEL (OS)

Let me speak with Selene!

Selene's eyes go wide. Oh, shit.

INT. SECURITY BOOTH

Selene comes racing in. Kraven whirls around, incensed, and points to the security monitor.

KRAVEN

Is that Michael?!

Ignoring him, Selene adjusts a digital WebCam mounted on top of a computer and hits a button.

KRAVEN  
IS IT MICHAEL?!

EXT. FRONT GATE - INTERCUTTING W/ SECURITY BOOTH

Michael reacts as Selene appears on the gate monitor. He lunges towards the security camera.

MICHAEL  
What the hell is going on?!!!  
What's happening to me?!!!

Selene hits the intercom button.

SELENE  
Wait there. I'll be right out.

KRAVEN  
If you go to him, by God, you'll never be welcomed in this house again!

Selene turns to him, looks him dead in the eye.

SELENE  
Now that Viktor's awake, he'll have something to say about that.

Concern flashes through Kraven's eyes as she sweeps past him and stalks through the door.

INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Erika's jaw drops as Selene storms past her.

ERIKA  
What are you doing?

No reply, Selene disappears down the hall. Kraven comes flying through the door, blowing right past his servants. You can see it in his eyes, he's scared shitless!

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

A dark sedan SCREECHES out of the gate. Selene opens the door for Michael.

SELENE  
Get in!

CUT TO:

INT. CRYPT

Kraven comes storming into the dark chamber, stops in his tracks. Relief washes over him. All is normal, quiet.

He whirls around to exit, startled to find Erika standing behind him, wide-eyed, nervous as hell -- panicked.

ERIKA

I warned her. I warned her but she wouldn't listen. She never listens. I'm sorry, I should've told you sooner. I should've--

KRAVEN

Told me what?

ERIKA

Her human. Michael. He's not a human at all. He's a lycan!

It takes a moment for this to register in Kraven's mind.. His veins begin to pulse like the ticking of a time bomb.

INT. RECOVERY CHAMBER

CLOSE ON VIKTOR, laid out on a metal gurney and bathed in shadow. His eyes PEEL OPEN as Kraven's fury reverberates through the crypt:

KRAVEN (OS)

WHAT?!!!!

EXT. FOREST ROAD

Selene's car comes tearing around a corner.

INT. SELENE'S CAR

Selene is driving like a bat out of hell.

SELENE

Look, you can never come here again. They'll kill you. Do you understand?

MICHAEL

Kill me?! Who the hell are you people?!

Selene suddenly catches a peek of the bandage on his shoulder. What the hell? She tugs down his shirt, tears off the bandage.

Michael yelps, looks down. The bite has all but healed! The sight of the wound hits Selene like a ton of broken glass.

She slams her fist against the dashboard, chokes back emotion. Erika told her the truth. The look on her face says it all: what the hell has she gotten herself into?

INT. CRYPT

Kraven is beside himself.

KRAVEN

How could she choose a mangy  
lycan dog over me? It's...  
it's inconceivable!

A thought suddenly strikes him. He turns, glares at Erika.

KRAVEN

Wait. You are the jealous  
one, aren't you?

Erika is horrified by this accusation.

ERIKA

No. I swear, M'Lord, I would  
never lie to you.

Without warning, a CREEPY VOICE seeps from the shadows, stabbing Kraven like a steely blade:

VIKTOR (OS)

What's this ruckus?

The blood drains from Kraven's face. Holy shit. He swallows hard, and as he slowly turns to face the recovery chamber:

Viktor, wearing an elegant silk robe, comes shuffling from the shadows, a nefarious puppet dangling from a dozen IV's, jacked directly into the metallic receptacles on his neck and arms.

Each line is flowing with nourishing blood and connected to an elaborate intravenous system mounted on the ceiling.

Kraven and Erika genuflect before their dark master.

CUT TO:

INT. SELENE'S CAR

Selene continues to drive like a bat out of hell.

SELENE

Whether you like it or not,  
you're in the middle of a  
war that's been raging for  
the better part of a thousand  
years... a blood feud between  
vampires and lycans.

(off his look)

Werewolves.

Michael shoots her a dry look, starts to massage his feverish  
temples. Even after all he's seen, there's no way in hell his  
scientific mind can even entertain such a possibility.

SELENE

Believe what you want.

She rakes her eyes across his sweaty face.

SELENE

Consider yourself lucky. Most  
people die within an hour of  
being bitten by a lycan...  
or a vampire for that matter.  
The viruses we transmit are  
extremely lethal.

MICHAEL

And if you bit me, I suppose  
I'd become a vampire instead!

SELENE

No, you'd become dead! No one  
has ever survived a bite from  
both species. And if I was in  
my right mind, I'd stop the car  
and kill you right here and now!

MICHAEL

Then why are you helping me?!

SELENE

I'm not! I track down and kill  
your kind! I'm a Death Dealer!  
It's my duty. My only interest  
is finding out why Lucian wants  
you so badly!

Even though she's saying this, it's quite clear that she is now  
at odds with herself and her culture.

CUT TO:

INT. CRYPT

Erika shuffles across the polished floor, head bowed, exits. Kraven is now alone before his master. Viktor, even in this mummy-like state, radiates absolute power and control.

VIKTOR

Do you know why I have been awakened, my servant?

Kraven lowers his head. He's clearly terrified of Viktor.

KRAVEN

No, My Lord. But I will soon find out.

VIKTOR

You mean when you find her.

KRAVEN

Yes, My Lord.

VIKTOR

You will let her come to me. We have much to discuss, Selene and I. She has shown me a great many disturbing things.

(then, ominously)

Things that will be dealt with soon enough.

Kraven's face runs pale. It takes all of his courage to stand his ground as Viktor slowly approaches the glass.

VIKTOR

This coven has grown weak... decadent. Perhaps I should have left someone else in charge of my affairs.

(squints in pain,  
closes his eyes)

Still... her memories are... chaotic. No sense of time.

Kraven does his best to keep his composure.

KRAVEN

(forced)

Then, please, My Lord. I beg you, let me summon assistance. You're in need of rest. I know how disoriented you must feel.

Viktor's eyes peel open.

VIKTOR

I've rested enough. What you can  
do is summon Marcus. It's time I  
was brought up to speed on things.

Swallowing hard, Kraven nervously points to Marcus' tomb.

KRAVEN

But... he still slumbers, My Lord.

Viktor steps forward, his eyes begin to burn. Kraven edges  
away from the glass. Then, carefully:

KRAVEN

Amelia and the council members  
are docking tomorrow night...  
to awaken Marcus... not you.

Seething anger floods Viktor's skull-like face. Kraven stares  
at his feet, absolutely horrified.

KRAVEN

You've been awakened a full  
century ahead of schedule.

INT. CRYPT VIEWING CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Erika is camped out on a marble bench, nervously waiting. She  
explodes to her feet as Kraven exits the crypt. He turns to  
her, aghast, and whines like a terrified little girl:

KRAVEN

That bitch has betrayed me! Now  
he knows everything she's been  
obsessing about!

Erika tries to comfort him. But he pushes her away, shunning  
yet another tender advance. She moves to exit, insulted. A  
thought suddenly strikes Kraven. Perhaps he's tossing out a  
potential ally.

KRAVEN

No, wait.

Erika stops in her tracks. She nearly melts as takes her by  
the shoulders and stares directly into her eyes.

KRAVEN

Are you to be trusted?

Erika nods, her face says it all: his wish is her command.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Selene's car pulls up to a dingy, six story building.

SELENE (VO)

This is one of the places we  
use for interrogations.

INT. STAIRWELL - APARTMENT BUILDING

Selene and Michael wind their way up a dilapidated staircase.

MICHAEL

What do you do, kill people...  
drink their blood?

SELENE

We haven't fed on humans for  
hundreds of years. It draws  
needless attention.

INT. APARTMENT - VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE - SIXTH FLOOR

Selene enters, followed by Michael. The safe house is tiny,  
functional. No beds or sofas, just several heavy-duty metal  
chairs, weapons racks, and boxes of supplies and ammo.

Selene hits a switch, BZZZ. A thick metal panel slides down to  
reveal a dark window. She approaches it, shoots a look down at  
the street. All is clear.

She opens a small refrigerator. It's filled with packets of  
blood. She tosses one to Michael. He looks at the logo:

MICHAEL

Hematech Industries.

SELENE

We own it. First, synthetic  
plasma. Now that. Once it's  
approved, it'll be our newest  
cash crop.

Michael flips the packet over, reads the label:

MICHAEL

(shocked)  
Cloned blood.

He slumps down in one of the metal chairs. A moment passes in  
silence, then he motions to a nearby table that's loaded with  
creepy surgical instruments.



MICHAEL

What are those for?

SELENE

Most of the lycans we bring here have been shot up. You have to get the bullets out quick or they end up dying on you during questioning.

MICHAEL

(aghast)

What happens to them afterwards?

Selene tugs out one of her pistols, sets it on a shelf.

SELENE

(nonchalantly)

We put the bullets back in.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - UNDERWORLD

Lucian and Singe make their way down a crumbing passageway.

LUCIAN

It may be wise to keep a closer eye on our cousins.

SINGE

I'll have Raze see to it immediately.

Lucian slows to a stop, places a hand on Singe's shoulder.

LUCIAN

I'm afraid that I'm going to have to place my faith in you, my friend. Time is running short.

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Michael is still camped out in one of the metal chairs. Selene stands next to the window, keeping watch on the night.

MICHAEL

Why do you hate them so much?

Selene shakes her head, smirks to herself. There's no way in hell she's going to have this discussion with him.

MICHAEL

Do you have to be such a hard-ass,  
can't you just answer the fucking  
question?

Selene turns, shoots him an icy look. Michael exhales deeply.

MICHAEL

Look, I don't know what to think  
at this point and I feel too shitty  
to argue about it. But if there's  
any truth to what you've told me,  
I think you owe me at least that  
much.

Selene exhales deeply, turns back towards the window. A moment  
passes, as if she's weighing a response. Then, softly:

SELENE

They tore my family to pieces,  
fed on them.

She turns, locks eyes with Michael. She is clearly surprised  
to discover that that his face, despite the fever, is filled  
with compassion.

SELENE

They took everything from me.

INT. KRAVEN'S SUITE - SAME TIME

Kraven is camped out on a luxurious divan, lost in thought. He  
snaps to attention as Erika enters.

KRAVEN

Good, you're here. Now, I  
need you to keep what I'm  
about to tell you under the  
strictest confi--

Erika looks him in the eye, presses a finger against his lips.

ERIKA

It can wait.

With a sexy smirk, she unclips her dress, lets it pool around  
her feet. Kraven weighs his options. Oh, what the hell? He  
needs an ally and apparently this is what it's going to take.

He wraps his arms around her, kisses her stomach. Erika bites  
her lip as he slowly kisses his way up to her breasts. She's  
waited a long time for this.

## INT. SAFE HOUSE

Quiet, somber. Selene is seated directly across from Michael. Her eyes are glazed pools of bad memories. She speaks barely above a whisper, but Michael is hanging on her every word.

## SELENE

My nieces were attacked first.  
Twins. Barely six years old.  
They were lovely... but I just  
laid there in bed, listening  
to them scream for me, my  
sister, my father -- anybody.  
But I was too scared to move.

## MICHAEL

Jesus Christ.

## SELENE

In the matter of a few moments  
my entire family had been  
slaughtered... and I had done  
nothing to stop it. Nothing.

She pauses for a moment as her eyes well with emotion, then:

## SELENE

And the next thing I knew I was  
in Viktor's arms. He had driven  
off the lycans and saved me.

(off his look)

Viktor... the oldest and strongest  
of us. He made me a vampire. His  
blood has given me the strength to  
avenge my family. And since that  
night... I've never looked back...

Choking back emotion, she forces an embarrassed grin.

## SELENE

Sorry, it's just that... I've  
never spoken of it.

Michael clearly feels for her.

He reaches out, takes her by the hand. She flinches at first, unsure of his intentions, then finally gives in, presses her palm to his, allows him to tenderly explore her fingers.

Then, feeling too uncomfortable with this, she rises and paces over to the window. An awkward moment passes, then:

SELENE

I saw your pictures. Who was  
the woman? Your wife?

This takes Michael by surprise. Off his look, we--

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - UNDERWORLD

Lucian's forces are being readied for military action. Fully  
armed LYCAN WARRIORS turn their backs to the wall and snap to  
attention as Lucian strides past them.

INT. ARMORY - UNDERWORLD

Functional, lined with weapons racks. LYCANS are going about  
their duties, loading UV bullets, etc.

Behind them, on a metal shelf, are SEVERAL LARGE CANISTERS of  
GLOWING UV FLUID. Lucian's henchmen are poring over a map of  
the waterfront district. They look up as their master enters.

LUCIAN

How are things progressing?

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Now it's Michael's turn to dredge up a few painful memories.

MICHAEL

If I knew then what I know now,  
I could've saved her. No doubt  
in my mind... but, instead, she  
died right there in the dirty snow.  
... We'd been dating three years.  
And after I got my degree I just  
took off, came over here to, I  
dunno, move on, forget... made  
sense at the time.

SELENE

And have you... moved on?

Michael locks eyes with her.

MICHAEL

Have you?

SELENE

(a dry smile)

It's a powerful thing. Guilt.

INT. KRAVEN'S SUITE

Erika and Kraven are still going at it. Using a fingernail, Kraven slices a tiny half moon cut into the flesh below her nipple. Blood flows.

Erika embraces him wholeheartedly as he suckles her bleeding breast. CAMERA PANS TO THE WINDOW. Outside, beyond the perimeter fence, a BLACK VAN slowly passes the mansion.

INT. BLACK VAN

Singe is at the wheel. He slows to a stop, peers over the seat, where FIVE LYCANS are busy loading their weapons.

MICHAEL (VO)

Who started this war?

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Selene is standing watch at the window again.

SELENE

They did... or at least that's what we've been led to believe. They risk exposing us with every life they take, the fact we exist. ... But I'm beginning to suspect there may be more to this war than opposing feeding habits.

(checks the time,  
almost 5 A.M.)

I should be heading back.

MICHAEL

What about me?

SELENE

Viktor will know what to do.  
I'll come back tomorrow.

Michael climbs to his feet, slides on his jacket.

MICHAEL

Well I'm not staying here alone.

SELENE

You will if you want to live.

MICHAEL

I need to sneak back into work  
and run a few simple tests.

(more)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

See if I have been... infected  
with... something.

He moves to leave, Selene grabs his arm. He turns, now they're face to face. An awkward beat, then Selene kisses him on the lips! Michael gives in, closes his eyes, kisses her back.

We HEAR a SERIES of METALLIC CLICKS. Michael's eyes snap open. He breaks the kiss, looks down. Selene has cuffed his wrist to a heavy duty titanium chain! He tugs on it, but it's no use. It's bolted to the metal interrogation chair. It was a trap!

MICHAEL

Hey! What the hell are you...  
I thought--

Selene shoots him a deadly serious look, tugs out her pistol, takes a step towards him.

Michael stumbles backwards, slumps back down in the chair. Selene leans down close to him, looks him dead in the eye.

SELENE

When the full moon rises tomorrow  
night, you will change, you will  
kill, and you will feed. It's  
unavoidable. I can't leave you  
free to roam around. I'm sorry.

She racks a round into the chamber. Michael thinks this is it. But instead of shooting him, she ejects the magazine and shows him that it's loaded with silver bullets.

SELENE

A single round most likely won't  
kill you, but the silver should  
prevent the transformation...  
at least for a few hours. If I  
don't return in time, do yourself  
a favor, use it.

Then she's gone, the door SLAMMING in her wake. Michael holds up the gun, looks at it like it's an alien artifact.

INT. HALLWAY

Selene stands with her back to the safe house door, conflicted, emotional. A beat, then she strides out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK VAN - LATER

Singe watches as Selene's car proceeds through the mansion gate and goes screaming up the driveway.

INT. KRAVEN'S SUITE

Erika tilts her head back and gives a passionate moan as Kraven reaches a frenzied pitch, suckling her bleeding breast with an insatiable appetite for blood.

Suddenly, a FLURRY of BEEPS. Kraven grabs his phone.

BODYGUARD (VO)

She's here.

Kraven is gone in a flash, leaving Erika naked, insulted, and nearly drained of blood.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Kraven's bodyguard is blocking the door and has no intention of letting Selene into the mansion. Kraven arrives.

KRAVEN

Let her pass.

Selene pushes the bodyguard aside, storms into the mansion.

INT. GRAND CORRIDOR

Dawn is approaching. VAMPIRES are moving to and fro, heading back to their quarters. Kraven follows Selene down the hall.

KRAVEN

Not only have you broken the chain, you've been harboring a lycan. A capital offense.

He grabs her by the arm, angrily steers her into--

A DARK ALCOVE

Quiet, lined with windows. BZZZ! Polarized shields slide down over the windows in preparation for the coming sunrise.

KRAVEN

How could you do this to me?  
Embarrass me like this? The entire coven knows I have plans for us!

SELENE

There is no us!

Kraven lunges out with fury, slams her against the window.

KRAVEN

(seething)

You will go before Viktor and  
tell him exactly what I tell  
you to. From here on out you  
will do as I say. Is that in  
any way unclear?

Selene answers with a lightning fast move, WHAM! Her palm  
snaps up, smashing against his nose: not enough to break it,  
but enough to send a jolt of misery straight to his brain!

He drops to one knee, blood trickling down his face. Selene is  
gone like the wind, trench coat snapping in her wake.

Kraven smirks, calmly licks the blood from his lip. You get  
the feeling he actually likes the rough stuff. He climbs to  
his feet, charges off after her.

CUT TO:

INT. VIEWING CHAMBER

Kraven comes thundering in just in time to see the crypt door  
SLAM SHUT. KA-CHUNK! It's locked from the other side.

INT. CRYPT

Viktor's eyes light up as Selene enters. (NOTE: Each time we  
see Viktor he will have added just a little more flesh.)

VIKTOR

Come closer, my child.

A strange mixture of joy and sorrow fills his dark eyes as she  
slowly approaches the Plexiglas. It's quite clear that he has  
strong father-like feelings for her.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR

The Crypt Guard is violently ejected from the security booth  
and the door is slammed in his face.

INT. SECURITY BOOTH

Kraven fires up a security monitor. The crypt appears. A sour  
look washes over his face as--



BACK IN THE CRYPT

-- Selene bows before Viktor.

SELENE

I've been lost without you, My Lord. Constantly hounded by Kraven and his never-ending infatuation.

A sly grin crawls up Viktor's horrifying face.

VIKTOR

It's the oldest story in the book. He desires the one thing he cannot have.

Selene smiles. Relief washes over her in waves. Maybe this won't be that bad. Viktor abruptly turns deadly serious.

VIKTOR

Now, tell me, why have you come to believe that Lucian still lives?

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY BOOTH

Kraven's blood runs cold. This is the topic he's been dreading. His cell phone suddenly RINGS, startling him.

BACK IN THE CRYPT

Selene locks eyes with Viktor.

SELENE

But I've given you all the proof you need.

VIKTOR

Incoherent thoughts and images. Nothing more. Which is precisely why The Awakening is performed by an elder, a pureblood. You do not possess the necessary skills.

SELENE

But I did see Lucian. I shot him! You must believe me!

VIKTOR

(building anger)

The chain has never been broken.  
Not once. Not in over fourteen  
centuries. Not since we elders  
first began to leapfrog through  
time -- one awake, two asleep,  
that's the way of it. It is  
Marcus' turn to reign; not mine!

INT. SECURITY BOOTH

Kraven paces nervously, cell phone in hand.

KRAVEN

There's been a complication.

INT. CRYPT

Selene locks eyes with Viktor.

SELENE

But I had no choice, the coven  
is in danger and Michael is the  
key. I know it.

VIKTOR

(with venom)

Ah, yes, the lycan.

SELENE

Please, just give me the chance  
to get the proof you require.

WE SUDDENLY PULL BACK, A CRACKLE OF STATIC AS WE GLIDE RIGHT  
THROUGH A MONITOR SCREEN AND FIND OURSELVES BACK INSIDE--

THE SECURITY BOOTH

Kraven hangs up his phone, turns back towards the monitor and  
watches as Viktor paces across the recovery chamber.

ON THE MONITOR:

VIKTOR

I will leave it to Kraven to  
collect the proof, if there  
is any.

SELENE

How could you trust him over me?

VIKTOR

Because he's not the one who's  
been tainted by an animal!

Kraven's face lights up. His luck has changed.

RESUME CRYPT

A deep sadness fills Viktor's dark eyes.

VIKTOR

I love you like a daughter, but  
you've left me with no choice.  
These rules are in place for a  
good reason -- and they are the  
only reason we have survived this  
long. You will not be shown an  
ounce of leniency. When Amelia  
arrives, the Council will convene  
to decide your fate. You have  
broken the chain and the Covenant.  
You must be judged.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GRAND SALON - LATER

Kraven, his bodyguard, and four SECURITY VAMPS escort Selene  
through the crowded hall.

All eyes are upon Selene, cold eyes, judging her. Gossip  
abounds, whispers. Has she really awakened Viktor? Erika  
snakes through the crowd, stealthily following the entourage.

INT. ALCOVE - NEAR SELENE'S ROOM

Erika ducks into an alcove as Kraven escorts Selene into her  
room. The security vamps stand post at the door.

INT. SELENE'S ROOM

Kraven locks eyes with Selene.

KRAVEN

You should've listened to me.  
Now you'll be lucky if I can  
convince the council not to  
have you executed.

He whirls around, exits, closing the door behind him. CHUNK!  
It's locked from the other side.

INT. ALCOVE

Erika listens as Kraven has a few words with his bodyguard:

KRAVEN

I want her watched closely.  
I can't afford to have my  
future queen running off  
with that lycan again.

These words strike Erika right in the gut. She ducks into the shadows as Kraven heads off down the hall. A newfound purpose takes control of her: a thirst for revenge.

INT. SELENE'S ROOM

Selene tries to open her door.

BODYGUARD (OS)

Don't even think about it.

Selene shuffles over to the polarized window and stares down into the yard, which is now bathed in deadly sunlight.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Sunlight pours through the window. Michael, drenched in sweat, tugs on the chain with all of his might, but it's no use.

MICHAEL

Son of a bitch!

He takes a breath, sits there in silence for a moment, then:

MICHAEL

Werewolf, my ass.

A thought suddenly strikes him. He grabs the pistol, presses the barrel against the chain. Hand trembling, he closes his eyes, squeezes the trigger, BANG!

Flinching, he drops the gun. It goes skittering across the floor, out of his reach. A sour look washes over his face as he looks back down at the chain. He missed.

INT. DOJO - LATER

Kahn paces the floor as TWENTY DEATH DEALERS busily load their weapons. They snap to attention as Kraven enters.

KAHN

We're ready.

KRAVEN

Change of plans. Amelia will  
be met by Soren and his team.

KAHN

(taken aback)  
That's our job.

KRAVEN

(smugly)  
Not anymore.

EXT. WATERFRONT DISTRICT - A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

as the sun sets and stars twinkle to life over the waterfront.  
In the distance, a CARGO SHIP glides up the Danube River.

EXT. CARGO SHIP DECK - NIGHT

A DEATH DEALER raises a pair of binoculars as the cargo vessel  
edges up to the dock.

HIS POV - ON THE DOCK

Kraven's bodyguard and his team of security vamps are posted  
next to several limos. The bodyguard holds up a laser pointer,  
signals the ship with four quick pulses: code 4 - all is clear.

RESUME SCENE

The death dealer signals back then strolls off down the deck.

Behind him, SHANK! A TERRIFYING CLAWED HAND grabs the railing.  
CAMERA CRANES UP. We gaze down on the ship as SIX WEREWOLVES  
scramble onto the deck and dissolve into the shadows.

INT./EXT. PASSAGEWAY

AMELIA and the VAMPIRE COUNCIL MEMBERS sweep down the corridor:  
a procession of pale figures in flowing black robes. Amelia is  
an elder, but she's strikingly beautiful and looks about 30.

They come to a stop at a hatch leading to the deck. A VAMP  
GUARD cranks open the metal door, to reveal--

A WEREWOLF, fangs bared, dripping with saliva! THUD!-THUD!  
TWO MORE WEREWOLVES drop down and land in the background.

Amelia gazes up into the face of death, stunned, and before she  
has a chance to react, ROAR! The creature lunges towards her  
with terrifying speed!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK

The bodyguard and his security team watch from afar, unmoving, passive, as all hell breaks loose on Amelia's ship: GUNFIRE, ROARS, ANGUISHED SCREAMS.

INT. SELENE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Selene strolls over to the window. Darkness. She peers down into the yard -- her guardians are now armed to the teeth and stationed below her window. She shifts her gaze to the night sky. A flash of concern.

HER POV - THE FULL MOON rising over the trees. WE SUDDENLY PULL BACK, THROUGH A DIRTY WINDOW, AND INTO--

THE SAFE HOUSE

CAMERA DRIFTS over to Michael, now passed out cold on the floor, still cuffed, his back propped against the chair.

INT. RECOVERY CHAMBER

Viktor is reclining in a plush chair, eyes closed, motionless, as his body soaks up another infusion of fresh blood.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET

Dark, deserted. Erika creeps in, opens a metal panel and throws a switch.

INT. RECOVERY CHAMBER

Viktor's eyes snap open as an ALARM screams in fury.

INT. SELENE'S ROOM

The ALARM continues to SCREAM. Selene races to her window and watches as the vamp guards go scrambling towards the other side of the property, guns drawn.

Without warning, the door BANGS OPEN and Erika comes thundering into her room and tosses her a nylon pouch. Selene opens it, her guns are inside.

SELENE

Why are you helping me?

Erika locks eyes with her. Doesn't she get it?

ERIKA

I'm not. I helping me.

She tosses Selene a set of car keys. A strange mixture of fear and exhilaration washes over her face as Selene races out onto the balcony and leaps over the railing.

INT. GRAND CORRIDOR

The ALARM continues to WAIL. Kahn and SEVERAL DEATH DEALERS race down the hall in full-blown panic mode. Kraven comes bursting from his room.

KRAVEN

What's going on?!

KAHN

The perimeter sensor's been tripped! We're locking down the mansion!

Erika comes thundering up to Kraven, out of breath, panicked.

ERIKA

It's Selene. She's escaped, to go to him - Michael.

A murderous look possesses Kraven.

KRAVEN

I want that lycan's head on a plate!!!

INT. SEDAN - LATER

Selene drives like a bat out of hell.

EXT. DARK STREET - LATER

Selene's car screams around a corner, parks in a shadow-filled alley. In the deep background, a black van slows to a stop.

INT. STAIRWELL - APARTMENT BUILDING

Selene charges up the winding stairway. She suddenly stops in her tracks, peers over the railing -- SIX DARK FIGURES are racing up the stairs. The lycans have followed her!

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Michael's eyes snap open to an ERUPTION of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE! The DOOR BANGS OPEN and Selene comes racing in.

As she frantically un-cuffs him, she raises her Glock and unleashes a blistering salvo, right through the wall!

INT. HALLWAY

An explosion of plaster! Two lycans are peppered with bullets.

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Selene SHOOTS the window, shattering it to pieces!

SELENE

Go, go, go! JUMP!!!

Michael looks down at the street. The pavement is a good fifty feet below him. Screw that!

Selene has no time for this. She grabs him by the belt and hurls him through the window! Behind her, KA-BOOM! Four lycans explode into the safe house. An ERUPTION of GUNFIRE!

EXT. STREET

Michael plummets headfirst to his doom, screaming and flailing like mad. But to his utter amazement he lands like a panther! The look on his face says it all: wow!

INT. SAFE HOUSE

A SPENT SHELL CASING CLATTERS to the floor and rolls to a stop next to four bullet-stitched bodies. PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

Selene, smoking gun in hand, the last one standing. Suddenly, SCREECHING TIRES. She whirls around, peers out the window.

HER POV - ON THE STREET

Lucian's henchmen angrily force Michael into the backseat of a squad car.

RESUME SAFE HOUSE

Selene takes aim, CLICK! Damn, she's out of ammo. She ejects the empty clip, but before she has the chance to replace it, the squad car goes HOWLING off into the night.

She stands there for a moment, unsure of what to do next.

Suddenly, a WOUNDED MOAN from behind her. She turns, stunned to discover that one of the lycans is still alive. It's Singe, shaken, out of it, writhing in a pool of blood!

EXT. MANSION COMPOUND

Kahn, flanked by THREE DEATH DEALERS, strides up to a PERIMETER GUARD. A trio of Rottweilers come bounding from the shadows.



Kahn doles out a round of affectionate pats to the attack dogs.

KAHN

Heya, guys.  
(to the guard)  
Any luck?

PERIMETER GUARD

(shakes his head)  
We've made the rounds twice.  
And believe me, the boys here  
would'a went ape-shit if anything  
had even gotten near that fence.

Kahn digests this, checks his watch.

KAHN

Amelia should've arrived by now.  
(then, to his men)  
I want you three to slip off  
the property and find out what's  
keeping her.

INT. SQUAD CAR - SAME TIME

Lucian's henchman are racing through a graffiti-stained part of the city. In the backseat, behind a partition of steel mesh, Michael is slipping further into the fever.

His nose suddenly begins to bleed. He touches his lip, pulls back bloody fingers. His ears begin to fill with the DREADFUL POUNDING of his HEART.

EXT. SQUAD CAR

ON MICHAEL as he shoots a concerned look out of the window. WE RACK FOCUS on the window. REFLECTIONS of the cityscape, broken by flashes of the night sky, glide across the glass.

Without warning, the FULL MOON slides out from behind a bank of angry storm clouds! WHAM! His pupils SNAP INTO BLACK ORBS!

INT. SQUAD CAR - FRONT SEAT

The lycans react as Michael moans. He sounds nauseous, on the verge of vomiting.

HENCHMAN #1

Maybe we should pull over and  
dose him.

Henchman #2, who's at the wheel, glances into the mirror, takes a look at Michael.

HENCHMAN #2

Nah, he'll be alright.

(then, to Michael)

Come on, man, hang tough.

We're almost there.

Michael groans again. Henchman #1 peers through the grate.

HENCHMAN #1

First time's a bitch, hurts like hell. But after a while you'll be able to control it, change when you want. Moon won't make a shit bit of difference.

Michael moans again, this time louder. Henchman #2 shakes his head, turns on the radio. FIERCE MUSIC fills the squad car.

IN BACK SEAT

Michael is suddenly hit by a violent spasm. He arches his back in agony. We HEAR a distinct CRUNCH! WE MOVE CLOSER, ZEROING IN ON HIS STERNUM.

SMASH CUT TO:

INSIDE MICHAEL'S CHEST CAVITY

His heart is POUNDING like a war drum. Cartilage begins to CRACKLE. Tendons twist and snake, causing blood-wet bones to shift position; painfully reshaping his skeletal structure.

RESUME BACK SEAT

Michael lifts his shirt and watches, mesmerized, as his ribs SNAP and CRACK, cascading like piano keys beneath his skin, changing the shape of his ribcage.

This is rapid, chilling, and grotesque. Michael clutches at the seat like a drunk teenager with a bad case of bed-spins, holding on for dear life as THE TRANSFORMATION overtakes him.

A RAPID SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- DARK VEINS appear in the whites of Michael's eyes, growing like tropical vines, twisting, darkening, until his eyes become JET BLACK.

-- WILD PATTERNS of MOTTLED SPLOTCHES bloom across his face and neck, not unlike broken capillaries, darkening his skin.

-- HIS CANINES sharpen, become more pronounced.

-- HIS FINGERNAILS GROW at a preternatural rate, becoming SHARP CLAWS that tear right into fabric of the seat.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD CAR - FRONT SEAT

Henchman #1 reacts to the sound of RIPPING FABRIC. He turns, peers through the steel grate separating him from the backseat.

HENCHMAN #1  
Holy shit! He's changin' right  
here in the fucking car! Pull  
over!!!

CRUNCH! Michael kicks the grate, sending a curved mass of dented steel SLAMMING into the back of the driver's skull!

He whirls around, furious, to find himself face to face with Michael, who is now well on his way to becoming a werewolf! He bares his fangs, cuts loose a FEROCIOUS ROAR!

EXT. CITY STREET

The squad car makes a sharp turn into a--

EXT. DARK ALLEY

The squad car SCREECHES to a halt. CRUNCH! Michael kicks the side window, sending spider-webbed cracks across the glass. Lucian's henchmen leap out of the car.

HENCHMAN #2  
Get the kit!

His partner opens the glove box, tugs out a NYLON CASE. Inside are several SYRINGES. He grabs one, slides the tip between his teeth, removes the cap, spits it out.

Henchman #2 opens the door, does his best to hold Michael down.

HENCHMAN #2  
Do it! Stick him! STICK HIM!

Michael seizes the lycan by the jaw, SLAMS his head against the doorframe, CRUNCH! He stumbles backwards, momentarily stunned, drops to his knees.

His partner surges forward, syringe at the ready, stabs Michael in neck, pushes the plunger home! Michael's head tilts back in agony, he lets loose a FEROCIOUS ROAR!

CUT TO:

INT. KRAVEN'S SUITE

Kraven is staring off into space, deep in thought. The Crypt Guard enters, bows deeply. He's pale, nervous.

INT. CRYPT - MOMENTS LATER

Viktor gazes out from the comfort of the Recovery Chamber as Kraven strides up to the glass.

The infusions of blood have agreed with Viktor. He's less mummy-like, more fleshed out, and even more imposing.

VIKTOR

I sent for Selene; not you.

KRAVEN

She's defied your orders and fled the mansion, My Lord.

A flash of fury across Viktor's face.

VIKTOR

Your incompetence is becoming most taxing.

KRAVEN

It's not my fault! She's become obsessed. Thinks I'm at the core of some ridiculous conspiracy!

SELENE (OS)

And here's my proof!

The blood drains from Kraven's face as Selene strides past him, gripping Singe by the throat, and viciously forces him to his knees. He's bloody, bruised, stitched with bullet wounds.

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

D-SHAPED STEEL ANCHORS SNAP out of the floor, SHA-SHANK! HEAVY STEEL CHAINS rasp across the stone, SNAP TAUNT. STEEL SHACKLES CLANG SHUT. WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

Singe, on his hands and knees, cuffed and shackled, not unlike a terrified peasant groveling for mercy before a king.

Viktor, still in the comfort of the recovery chamber, glares down at him from his plush chair as if it was a throne.

Kraven finds zero comfort in this development. You can see it in his eyes: he desperately wants to flee, but knows that he's going to have to bluff it out and hope for the best.

SELENE

Now, I want you to tell them  
exactly what you told me.

No reply. Selene grabs his bullet-ridden arm and gives it a nice, big painful squeeze.

SINGE

Ahhhhh! Alright! Alright!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. UNDERWORLD - SAME TIME

Lucian's henchmen, beat up and bruised, drag Michael through a dark tunnel. He's unconscious, handcuffed, and gagged with nylon webbing. (NOTE: He's back to his human form.)

During this entire sequence, Singe will be speaking through agonizing pain.

SINGE (VO)

We've been searching for someone  
with a special trait...

INT. INFIRMARY

WE ZIP ALONG the wall and come to a stop on the top name listed on the CORVINUS FAMILY TREE -- Alexander Corvinus.

SINGE (VO)

... A direct descendant of Alexander Corvinus. Hungarian. A warlord to come to power during the early seasons of the 12<sup>th</sup> Century... just in time to watch the plague ravage his village.

INT. CRYPT

Selene continue to grip the lycan's arm, squeezing it every so often to prompt him to continue.

Kraven, meanwhile, is sweating bullets, terrified he will be implicated by Singe. He shoots a nervous look at the door.

SINGE

He alone survived. His body was somehow able to change the disease, mold it to his benefit. He became the first true immortal. And years later, he fathered at least two children who inherited this same ability.

A look of childish amusement washes over Viktor's face.

VIKTOR

The three sons of the Corvinus  
Clan. One bitten by bat, one by  
wolf, and one to walk the lonely  
road of mortality... as a human.  
It's a ridiculous legend.

SINGE

That may be, but our species do  
have a common ancestor... and  
the mutation of the original  
virus is directly linked to  
his bloodline.

Viktor motions towards Marcus' tomb.

VIKTOR

A descendant of Corvinus lies  
there, not three feet from you.

SINGE

Yes, but he's already a vampire.  
We needed a pure source, untainted.  
An exact duplicate of the original  
virus, which we learned was hidden  
away in the Corvinus genetic code...

INT. INFIRMARY

CAMERA DRIFTS DOWN THE CORVINUS FAMILY TREE.

SINGE (CONT'D - VO)

... and passed along in its  
latent form, down through the  
ages, all the way to...

CLANG! Michael, now strapped to a swiveling exam table, is  
SWUNG UP into FRAME directly in front of the FAMILY TREE.

SINGE (VO)

Michael Corvin.

The lycans clearly don't want him to escape. Heavy duty straps  
of nylon webbing crisscross his sweaty skin, his arms are bent  
at uncomfortable angles: wrists cuffed behind the metal table.

INT. LABORATORY - FLASHBACK

Dark, cramped. Singe places a drop of LYCAN BLOOD under a  
powerful microscope.

SINGE (VO)

For years we tried to combine  
the bloodlines.

He adds another specimen of blood, this time from a dropper  
labeled VAMPYRE.

(NOTE: The blood cells from both species will have a certain  
shape or texture that clearly sets them apart, not only from  
each other, but from human blood cells as well.)

HIS POV - MICROSCOPIC PERSPECTIVE

In a sea of plasma, an instant reaction occurs: the opposing  
blood cells begin to consume each other.

SINGE (VO)

And for years we failed. It was  
useless. Even at the cellular  
level, our species seem destined  
to destroy each other. That  
is, until we found Michael.

INT. INFIRMARY - FLASHBACK

Lucian smiles as Michael's blood tests positive.

SINGE (VO)

He is the key.

Singe takes a small sample of Michael's blood and drops it onto  
a slide. Then, producing two droppers, he mixes a tiny bit of  
vampire blood with Michael's and gazes into the microscope.

HIS POV - MICROSCOPIC PERSPECTIVE

The vampire blood cells bond with Michael's with astounding  
speed, producing two-celled platelets. A drop of lycan blood  
is then introduced.

The double-platelets then bond with the lycan blood, producing  
wicked-looking three-celled platelets: super blood.

SINGE (VO)

The Corvinus Strain allows for a  
perfect union. A triple-celled  
platelet, which holds unspeakable  
power.

INT. CRYPT

A look of disgust washes over Viktor's face.

VIKTOR

There can be no such union  
and to speak of one is heresy.

Singe looks him in the eye, defiantly.

SINGE

You'll see for yourself, once  
Lucian has injected Michael's  
blood.

VIKTOR

Lucian is dead.

SINGE

(a playful smirk)  
According to who?

Selene whirls around to face Kraven, but he has vanished!

SELENE

I knew it!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CORRIDOR

Kraven flees down the hall, sweaty, paranoid.

INT. GRAND SALON

Kraven enters, weaves his way through the crush of socialite  
vampires. The once-familiar faces now seem threatening to him.

He grabs Erika by the arm, whispers something in her ear.

INT. RECOVERY CHAMBER

Selene assists Viktor with unplugging the IV's from his arms  
and chest. He slowly rises, feebly, like a crippled old man.

VIKTOR

I can assure you, my child,  
Kraven will pay with his life.

From the other side of the glass, Singe gives a chuckle.

SINGE

Soon this house will lie in  
ruins.

VIKTOR

Not before you.



He shoots Selene a look. She strides through the door, throttles Singe, begins to choke the life from him.

SINGE

(to Viktor)

No, wait! You and you alone  
will know the truth of this!

Viktor raises his hand, Selene eases her grip.

SINGE

If Lucian was able to get his  
hands on the blood of an elder.  
A pureblood, like Amelia or  
yourself, one born a vampire...

This strikes Viktor right in the gut. His face runs pale.

VIKTOR

... Abomination...

Selene is clueless. Singe fills her in:

SINGE

Hybrid. Half vampire; half lycan.  
But stronger than both. The thing  
he's feared for centuries. A new  
breed. Look at him.

Selene glances up at Viktor. He's staring off into oblivion as if his worst fears have been realized.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK - AMELIA'S CARGO SHIP - SAME TIME

A PAIR OF BOOTS CRUNCH through smashed bone and gore. CAMERA TILTS UP TO REVEAL one of Kahn's Death Dealers. He tugs out a cell phone, dials a number.

INT. GRAND SALON - MOMENTS LATER

KA-BOOM! Twin doors BANG OPEN. The crowd parts like the Red Sea as Kahn, flanked by fully armed Death Dealers, storms through the chamber.

INT. ALCOVE

Kraven recedes into the shadows as Kahn and his Death Dealers sweep past him. Kraven waits a moment, then scurries off in the opposite direction.

EXT. SECURITY GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Kraven races through the front gate as a limo comes SQUEALING to a stop. His bodyguard leaps out, opens the door. Kraven slides into the backseat.

Erika comes thundering up to the limo. She reaches under her jacket and tugs out Kahn's Silver Nitrate gun. Kraven smiles, swipes it from her hand.

Erika tries to slide in next to him, but he slams the door in her face! She stands there, flabbergasted, as the limo drives away. She's been used, abused, and left to stew in it.

CUT TO:

INT. RECOVERY CHAMBER/CRYPT

Selene unplugs the last of Viktor's IV's. She takes him by the arm, but he shrugs it off.

VIKTOR

I can manage.

He exits the recovery chamber and glares down at Singe. Kahn enters the crypt, bows deeply.

KAHN

My Lord, the council members  
have been assassinated!

The blood drains from Viktor's face.

VIKTOR

What of Amelia?

KAHN

She's missing.

A smile spreads across Singe's face.

SINGE

It has already begun.

Viktor, with lightning-quick reflexes, lunges out with fury, CRUNCH! Cracking the lycan's skull open with a single punch!

Singe drops like a sack of rocks, stone cold dead, blood pouring from his destroyed skull.

Viktor turns to Selene, gently lifts her chin.

VIKTOR

I'm sorry I doubted you, my child. Fear not, absolution will be yours...

(then, ominously)  
... the moment you kill the descendant of Corvinus. This Michael.

Selene's face runs pale as he whirls around and exits. CAMERA CRANES UP to reveal that, behind Selene, a DARK POOL of LYCAN BLOOD has begun to spread across the polished floor.

INT. INFIRMARY - SAME TIME

Michael awakens, groggy, dazed, still gagged. He lifts his head, but it SLAMS back down against the table. Lucian is hovering in the shadows, just out of Michael's sight.

LUCIAN

You were given an enzyme to stop the change. It'll take some time for the grogginess to dissipate.

A strange look washes over Michael's face. Another prisoner is just a couple of feet away from him. It's Amelia, the vampire elder, half-naked, bound, gagged, and wrapped with a tangled web of heavy steel chains!

Raze steps up to her, gripping a creepy glass syringe, and darts the needle into her neck! Her eyes snap open, she spasms, struggles like hell against her bonds.

Raze gives her a sharp elbow to the temple, THWACK! Amelia's head snaps to the side with enough force to break a baseball bat, yet she quickly recovers, turns back to face Raze.

He grins at her. She's helpless and she knows it.

Her eyes burn with preternatural fire as Raze tugs back on the plunger, filling the syringe with blood. He removes the needle from her neck and places the syringe on a metal tray.

Michael struggles against his bonds as Raze strides up to him, gripping a fresh syringe. He taps Michael's forearm, teases a vein to the surface, jabs him with the syringe.

Michael goes berserk, SNAPPING the needle off at its base!

Lucian watches as the syringe plummets to the floor and SHATTERS! Growling with fury, Raze viciously backhands Michael, knocking him senseless.

LUCIAN

That's enough!

(a calming breath)

Just... prep another syringe,  
will you?

As Raze moves off across the infirmary, Michael gives a moan,  
his eyes slowly peel open.

HIS POV (BLURRY) as Lucian strides from the shadows.

LUCIAN

I really must apologize. He's  
in desperate need of a lesson  
in manners.

He steps forward, his face COMES INTO SHARP FOCUS.

LUCIAN

Speaking of manners, where are  
mine? Forgive me. I'm Lucian.

Raze slinks up behind him, holding an empty cardboard box.

RAZE

We're out.

Lucian shoots him a sideways glance.

LUCIAN

(controlled anger)

Then go to the storage bin and  
fetch another.

Raze turns tail, scurries out of the infirmary. Lucian shakes  
his head, removes Michael's gag. He takes a deep breath, looks  
Lucian in the eye. Then, carefully:

MICHAEL

Untie me now and let me go and I  
won't say shit about you or this  
place. Not a word.

LUCIAN

There's no going back. There's  
no going anywhere. The vampires  
will kill you on sight, just for  
being what you are... one of us.

He leans down close to Michael, looks him in the eye.

LUCIAN (CONT'D)

You are one of us.

MICHAEL

Your war has nothing to with me.

LUCIAN

My war?

A sly grin slides up Lucian's face. Slumping against the wall, he rolls up his sleeve and shows Michael an ornate scar that's similar to a cattle brand.

LUCIAN

We were slaves once... the Hounds of Hell. The daylight Guardians of the vampires. I was born into servitude, yet I harbored them no ill will, even took a vampire as my bride. But it was forbidden, our union... especially between purebloods, like Sonja and myself, those born to darkness. Viktor feared a blending of the species. Feared it enough to kill her, his own daughter, burnt alive at the stake... for loving me.

A look of concern washes over Michael's face.

LUCIAN

This is his war. Viktor's. And he's spent the last 600 years exterminating our species.

KRAVEN (OS)

What's she doing here?!!!

Lucian whirls around. Kraven and his security vamps, flanked by armed lycans, are lingering near the door to the infirmary.

KRAVEN

(points to Amelia)

Why isn't she dead?!!!

Raze, gripping a fresh box of syringes, is locked in a staring contest with Kraven's bodyguard. The hatred between these two is a tangible thing. They'd just love to have at each other.

LUCIAN

Get them out!

As the lycans angrily herd the vampires away from the door, he grabs a grungy plastic sheet, like an ER divider, and tugs it along its railing, thus closing the curtains on Michael.

LUCIAN

I'll return shortly.

(then, as he

passes Raze)

Make the extraction and bring  
the syringes to my quarters.

MICHAEL

Wait! What's going to happen  
to Selene?!

INT. STORAGE AREA - JUST OUTSIDE THE INFIRMARY

Dark, filled with oil drums and old machinery. Kraven and his  
entourage are being held at gunpoint by Lucian's henchmen.

KRAVEN

I thought we had a deal!!!

LUCIAN

Patience, Kraven.

(to his men)

Please escort our guests  
to the lounge.

As his henchmen move to make this reality, Lucian takes Kraven  
by the shoulder and steers him down another corridor.

LUCIAN

Come, these are matters to be  
discussed in private.

INT. PRISON CHAMBER

Lucian's henchmen lead Kraven's security vamps into a plush  
room. They grin at the vampires as they close the door and  
lock it.

Kraven's bodyguard growls in fury, tears down a curtain. Shit.  
The windows are made of thick Plexiglas and covered with steel  
bars. It was a trap!

BODYGUARD

Son of a bitch!

INT. LUCIAN'S QUARTERS

A decrepit chamber with a cracked window that looks down on the  
main chamber. Lucian enters, followed by Kraven.

LUCIAN

The council has been destroyed.  
(more)

LUCIAN (CONT'D)

Soon you will have it all: both  
great Covens and an iron-clad  
peace treaty with the lycans.

(a grin)

Who I trust will not be forgotten  
when the spoils are tabulated.

KRAVEN

How do you expect me to assume  
control? Now that Viktor's been  
awakened, there's no defeating him.  
He grows stronger as we speak.

Raze enters, gripping a metal tray.

LUCIAN

Ahhh, right on cue.

Raze sets the tray down on Lucian's desk. Kraven looks down at  
the blood-filled syringes.

LUCIAN

(to Kraven)

Pay attention, I think you'll  
find this rather interesting.

He picks up one of the syringes and prepares to inject himself.  
But he suddenly pauses, picks up the second syringe. They're  
indistinguishable.

LUCIAN

Which one's which?

Raze shoots a terrified glance at the syringes. The look on  
his face says it all: he doesn't have a clue.

LUCIAN

You do realize what will happen  
if I inject Amelia's blood first?

(off his look)

I'll die. Now, am I really going  
to be forced to do this myself?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY

Raze storms in, frantically tears open a packet and tugs out a  
new syringe. Suddenly, from somewhere off in the bowels of the  
Underworld, come SEVERAL MUFFLED BANGS.

INT. LUCIAN'S QUARTERS

MORE BANGS. Lucian and Kraven trade a look. Gunshots?

INT. ARMORY

SIX LYCANS are going about their duties, loading ammo, cleaning weapons, etc. ANOTHER ROUND OF BANGS, this time closer. They trade looks. Lucian's henchmen come thundering up to the door.

HENCHMAN #1  
Entrance shaft! Move it!

INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - ABOVE THE UNDERWORLD

Kahn and Selene step over the bodies of two dead lycans. Kahn gives a signal and his DEATH DEALERS move into position.

He peeks around the corner at the ENTRANCE of the Underworld: a BLACK PIT surrounded by chain-link fence and concertina wire.

He tugs a SILVER GRENADE from his belt, pulls the pin, tosses it. CLINK-CLINK-CLINK. We follow the grenade as it tumbles across the cement, bouncing along like a huge ball bearing.

CLINK! One final bounce. CAMERA SHIFTS ANGLE and we watch as the grenade is swallowed up by a black pit, which is actually an elevator shaft lined with steel ladders. This is the--

ENTRANCE SHAFT

The ladders are occupied by Lucian's henchmen and their lycan comrades. They watch in horror as the grenade tumbles past them, CLANGING against the walls, and splashes down into several inches of murky water at the bottom of the shaft.

A FLASH beneath the puddle. KA-BOOOOM! Mud billows into the air, along with TORRENTS OF WHITE HOT SHRAPNEL, shredding the lycans to pieces!

INT. LUCIAN'S QUARTERS

Windows TREMBLE, lights flicker and pop. Fear washes over Kraven. Holy shit.

KRAVEN  
Viktor.

KA-BOOOOM! ANOTHER EXPLOSION ROCKS the Underworld, followed by the TERRIBLE GROAN of TWISTING METAL. They turn, peer through the window as a HUGE STEEL PIPE CLATTERS to the ground!



HISsss! AN EXPLOSION OF PRESSURIZED WATER. Now it's raining in the main chamber of the Underworld! Lucian peers through the newly created rain.

HIS POV - THROUGH THE INFIRMARY WINDOW

as Raze frantically extracts another dose of blood from Michael.

RESUME LUCIAN'S QUARTERS

Lucian bites his lip. Shit. He doesn't have much time.

KRAVEN

Is there another way out?

Lucian turns, rakes a gaze of disgust over Kraven's face. The vampire is clearly scared shitless.

LUCIAN

I guess it never occurred to you  
that you might actually have to  
bleed to pull off this little coup.

Tugging a UV pistol from his belt, he racks a GLOWING ROUND into the chamber and shoots Kraven a threatening look.

LUCIAN

Don't even think about leaving.

ON LUCIAN as he whirls to exit. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! He collapses to the floor, stitched with bullets, TO REVEAL--

Kraven, with the Silver Nitrate gun tight in his grip!

Lucian stares up at him, teeth clenched in misery, as the toxic metal sears through his veins, staining them dark gray.

Kraven smirks, pries the UV pistol from Lucian's grip.

KRAVEN

Bet you weren't expecting that.

INT. ARMORY

Panicked lycans swipe weapons off the racks.

INT. CORRIDOR - JUST OUTSIDE THE PRISON CHAMBER

Kraven's security vamps watch as armed lycans thunder past the barred window in full blown battle mode. Relief washes over them as Kraven appears from the shadows.

His bodyguard screams, pounds on the Plexiglas. It vibrates like crazy, but we can't hear his voice. Kraven stops in his tracks, locks eyes with him, then continues down the corridor.

The bodyguard slams his fist against the window, screams at Kraven for all he's worth, but to no avail.

INT. PRISON CHAMBER

The bodyguard whirls around, scans the lounge. His eyes settle on an exposed pipe the diameter of a hand rail.

He grabs it, strains like hell, his veins bulging. Finally, KA-TING! It SNAPS off at its base. Spinning it around, he aims it at the door like a battering ram!

INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR

Armed lycans cautiously creep through blood and gore as they make their way towards the entrance shaft. Along the way, SEVERAL WEREWOLVES glide from the shadows to join them.

As they continue to move along, a WEREWOLF slithers out of a drainage grate on the floor. Then a SECOND WEREWOLF does the same, this time closer to camera, COMPLETELY DEVOURING FRAME.

INT. FURTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR - NEAR THE ENTRANCE SHAFT

The lycans and werewolves cautiously approach the door leading into the battered entrance shaft. Smoke hangs heavy in the air. Suddenly, an ERUPTION OF GUNFIRE from above!

Kahn, Selene and the Death Dealers come swooping down through the veil of smoke like angels of death, guns ablaze! All hell breaks loose: silver bullets and UV rounds whizzing everywhere!

INT. CORRIDOR - JUST OUTSIDE THE PRISON CHAMBER

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. The door shudders. BOOM! It BANGS OPEN to reveal Kraven's bodyguard, the metal pipe tight in his grip.

A HUGE LYCAN comes racing around a corner. The bodyguard clobbers him with the pipe, TING! Then whirls around and batters down a door leading to the main chamber!

BODYGUARD

Move, move, move!

The vampires flee into the rubble of the main chamber.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. LUCIAN'S QUARTERS

Raze bursts in, gripping two fresh syringes, and stops in his tracks. Lucian is sprawled on the floor, apparently dead.

RAZE

Lucian!

Without warning, Kraven's bodyguard and his security vamps scramble past the cracked window. Raze shakes with fury, unable to contain himself. The metal tray plummets to the floor and the syringes SHATTER as he explodes into motion!

INT. MAIN CHAMBER

CRASH! Raze dives through the cracked window and tackles Kraven's bodyguard. They immediately square off, predator versus predator!

The bodyguard tugs off his jacket to reveal TWIN SILVER WHIPS neatly wrapped around his torso. He sneers, uncoils them in a fluid movement!

INT. INFIRMARY

Michael's veins stand taunt like steel cords as he struggles to break his handcuffs. Finally, CLINK! The chain snaps!

MICHAEL

Holy shit.

As he moves to free his arms the nylon straps pull taunt across his body. His grin dissolves. Suddenly, CRACK!-CRACK! He cranes his neck, peers through the dingy window as--

INT. MAIN CHAMBER - JUST OUTSIDE THE INFIRMARY

-- Kraven's bodyguard gives Raze a taste of the silver whips, leaving twin lacerations on his cheek!

CLOSE ON RAZE as his EYES TURN JET BLACK and HIS SKULL BEGINS TO TRANSFORM with a SERIES of HORRIFYING CRUNCHING SOUNDS!

INT. LUCIAN'S QUARTERS

MORE EXPLOSIONS ROCK the Underworld. Lucian's eyes slowly peel open. Groaning in misery, he sits up, leans against the wall.

INT. BERTHING CHAMBER

Dark, dirty, littered with filthy mattresses. Kraven ducks into the shadows as lycans sweep past the doorway.

INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR

Selene, Kahn, and the Death Dealers sweep down the cramped tunnel like a well-oiled killing machine, guns at the ready.

As they move past a large crack in the wall, Selene stops in her tracks, peers across the main chamber.

HER POV - RAZE, now a fully transformed WEREWOLF, is pacing around the bodyguard in a crazy dance of fangs, claws and silver whips.

And beyond them, through the infirmary window, there's Michael, struggling like hell to get free!

RESUME CORRIDOR

ON KAHN as he signals the Death Dealers to continue onward. He turns towards Selene, but she's gone!

KAHN

Selene?

He whirls around, sees a trench coat snapping around a corner.

KAHN

Selene!!!

INT. DECREPIT TUNNEL

Selene tears along, her boots splashing through murky puddles, and sweeps past a DARK OPENING - ROAR! TWO WEREWOLVES explode from the shadows and gives chase, pouncing from wall to wall, fangs bared, just dying to tear her to pieces!

She dodges a look over her shoulder, opens fire, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! The lead werewolf hits the muddy floor, tumbling end over end, sending water and mud spraying everywhere!

Selene whips her head back around, keeps on running.

Behind her, the second werewolf pounces over its dead comrade, leaping through the acrid smoke HISSING from its bullet-ridden chest, and keeps right on coming!

INT. FURTHER DOWN THE TUNNEL

Selene comes tearing around a corner, dodges a look over her shoulder. Shit. The second werewolf is still in hot pursuit, splashing through the puddles like a Hound of Hell!

As she whirls back around to see where she's going - ROAR! A HUGE WEREWOLF SNAPS UP INTO FRAME and takes a swipe at her!

Selene springs into the air, leaping over the beast, opening fire as she smoothly tumbles head over heels, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

As the bullet-ridden creature drops to its death, Selene splashes down onto the muddy floor, with her back to us.

She ejects the empty magazine, slams a fresh one into her gun.

Suddenly, a DEMONIC GROWL! Selene whirls around with deadly speed, opens fire as the encroaching werewolf leaps over its dead comrade, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

The beast splashes down in the muck, gyrating wildly, not two feet away from her, its jaws still snapping! Selene calmly rises to her feet, gives it a quick double-tap to the skull!

INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR

Kraven nervously inches his way towards the entrance shaft. As he enters, he's forced to climb over a disgusting WEREWOLF CORPSE, jaws agape, frozen in death.

INT. ENTRANCE SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER

Battered, dripping with mud and gore. Kraven scrambles up a ladder and peeks over the edge. His face runs pale.

HIS POV - VIKTOR, backlit, ominous, and dressed in a Medieval Death Dealer getup complete with an elegant sword, is striding his way, flanked by THREE bad-ass looking DEATH DEALERS.

Kraven ducks back down, horrified. Son of a bitch. He lets go of the ladder, plummeting twenty feet, and SPLATS down in the muck. As he moves to exit, he slips, falling flat on his back.

He scrambles to his feet, his clothes soaked with mud, and flees through the shattered wreckage of the access corridor.

INT. LUCIAN'S QUARTERS

Digging deep into some vital reserve, Lucian hauls himself to his feet. He slumps against the wall, paralyzed with pain, holds up his arm.

The Silver Nitrate is causing his veins to bubble and squirm. It's hellishly painful. He winces in agony as his hand curls into an arthritic claw. The end is near and he knows it.

LUCIAN

Not... yet.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY

Michael strains with all his might, SNAP! A nylon strap gives way! Now one of his hands is free. Suddenly, the door to the infirmary slowly CREAKS OPEN.

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP. Heavy footfalls approach. Michael freezes as a MONSTROUS SHAPE enters the infirmary, its outline obscured by the dirty plastic curtain.

Dread washes over him. It's a WEREWOLF! THUMP-THUMP-THUMP. It continues to approach, its BREATHING echoing through the infirmary like the PURRING of an asthmatic panther.

Michael frantically tries to unlatch the remaining straps. Suddenly, a FEROCIOUS ROAR! He looks up, horrified.

HIS POV - THROUGH THE GRUNGY PLASTIC SHEET

as the werewolf tears Amelia to pieces! Suddenly, a DEAFENING BURST of GUNFIRE! Blood splatters the plastic curtain!

The werewolf spins around, tearing right through the plastic sheet, and CRASHES down next to him... to reveal Selene! She SLAMS her boot down on its neck, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! And hammers its skull full of silver bullets!

SELENE

I need to get you out of here,  
and quick. Viktor is on his  
way and he won't be satisfied  
until every lycan is dead.

She starts attacking Michael's restraints, loosening them.

MICHAEL

They'll kill you, too. Just  
for helping me.

SELENE

I know.

As the last restraint is unlatched, Selene kisses him for all she's worth. Then, as the kiss is finally broken:

MICHAEL

I know why the war began.

INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR

Viktor and his team of Death Dealers sweep down the corridor like the ultimate hit squad.

INT. ARMORY

Kahn, trailed by Death Dealers, slowly inches his way through the darkness. Suddenly, a strange sound: CLICK-CLICK-CLICK. He flashes a hand signal. His Death Dealers come to a halt.

Then, raising his weapon, Kahn takes a cautious step forward. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK. He looks up. There's a DARK AIR SHAFT above his head. Too late!

KA-BOOM!-ROAR! A WEREWOLF lunges out with demonic speed and in the blink of an eye Kahn is viciously yanked into the shaft!

The Death Dealers open fire. BLOOD CURDLING SCREAMS, kicking legs, dripping blood. But it's no use. Kahn is gone.

INT. DARK CORRIDOR

GUNFIRE THUNDERS as Kraven scurries along like a rat trapped in a maze. He comes to a door, peeks through it -- TWO WEREWOLVES, bathed in flickering light, are squabbling over Kahn's body.

Kraven swallows hard, takes a nervous step backwards. Shit, can't go that way.

INT. MAIN CHAMBER

CRACK-CRACK! Raze-Wolf grabs one of the silver whips, knocking the bodyguard off balance. ROAR! He lunges out with demonic speed and snatches hold of the bodyguard's skull - CRUNCH!

The bodyguard drops to the muddy ground, blood spraying from his pierced skull! Raze-Wolf looks up, sees--

HIS POV - LOOKING THROUGH A BROKEN WALL

-- Viktor and his Death Dealers sweeping down a passageway.

RESUME SCENE

Raze-Wolf explodes into motion with a DEMONIC GROWL!

INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Viktor and his Death Dealers stride down a dark corridor. CRASH! Raze-Wolf EXPLODES through the wall, fangs bared!

Without so much as batting an eye, Viktor lunges out in a blur of movement and slaughters Raze-Wolf with his bare hands! This happens so fast, so gracefully, it almost doesn't register.

THUD! Raze-Wolf drops to the floor, stone cold dead, as Viktor and his cohorts continue down the tunnel.

Suddenly, a BURST of SHOUTS! FOUR LYCANS come charging around a corner. Viktor doesn't break his stride, and in a blur of preternatural fury, he unsheathes his ancient sword and dices them to pieces with a lightning quick series of fluid strikes!

Now it becomes clear why everyone is scared shitless of Viktor! This guy, ancient as he looks, is the ultimate bad-ass.

INT. UNDERWORLD - VARIOUS

Selene and Michael scramble through a creepy network of dark passageways. Fighting everywhere. Through the windows we see flashes of werewolves, lycans, and vampires.

Selene pauses to pry a Desert Eagle pistol from a dead vampire. She tugs back the slide, an enormous 50 caliber silver bullet racks into position. Good, it's loaded.

SELENE

Take this.

She presses it into his hand. Michael feels the weight of the pistol. They cautiously move through a doorway and make their way into yet another chamber.

KA-BOOM-ROAR! A WEREWOLF explodes from the darkness! SHING! Its razor sharp claws SLICE downward, right THROUGH Selene's shoulder and into her left thigh!

She screams in pain, drops to one knee. Her gun goes flying off into the darkness. Michael opens fire! A PAINFUL ROAR! The fanged beast gyrates wildly in the muzzle flashes, then THUMPS to the floor.

Michael drops down beside Selene, frantically checks her wounds. Selene sucks up the pain, locks eyes with him.

SELENE

I'll be fine.

Her wounds clearly look fatal, yet he believes her.

MICHAEL

(a dry smile)

I've heard that before.

Selene smirks, takes his hand. Michael helps her to her feet. They press onward, Selene hobbling badly.

MICHAEL

Come on, this way.

He opens a heavy door--



INT. GENERATOR ROOM

-- and finds himself face to face with Kraven! The Silver Nitrate gun whips up into frame, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

Michael drops to the floor, three bullet wounds stitched across his chest, veins searing with Silver Nitrate!

(NOTE: This room is on a higher level, fifteen feet above the main chamber. Several walls have been damaged, giving us a view into the main chamber, where "rain" continues to fall.)

Selene collapses next to Michael. Her eyes fill with emotion as the silver nitrate slowly sears its way up his jugular veins and spider-webs across his cheeks and forehead.

Michael locks eyes with her, face twisted in agony, and fades into unconsciousness. A tear glides down Selene's cheek.

This display of emotion causes Kraven's blood to boil. He lunges out with fury, attempts to haul Selene to her feet.

KRAVEN

That's enough! You're coming with me!

Selene lashes out, angrily bats his hand away.

SELENE

Never! I only hope I live long enough to watch Viktor choke the life from you.

Kraven's eyes fill with hatred.

KRAVEN

I bet you do... but let me tell you a little something about your beloved dark father.

(beat)

He's the one who killed your family, not the lycans.

This hits Selene like a ton of lead. A grin slides up Kraven's face. He's enjoying this, a direct stab to her heart.

KRAVEN

Never could follow his own rules. Said he couldn't abide the taste of livestock. So every so often he went out and gorged himself on human blood.

(more)

KRAVEN (CONT'D)

I cleaned up the mess, kept his secrets. It's how I climbed the ranks. It was he who crept room to room, dispatching everyone close to your heart... but when he got to you he just couldn't bare the thought of draining you dry. You, who reminded him so much of his precious Sonja. The daughter he condemned to death.

Selene shakes her head in denial.

KRAVEN

Oh, yes... and I was there...

INT. SELENE'S ROOM - FLASHBACK

Selene, bathed in candlelight and dressed in Victorian-era clothing, stands before a window, staring at her reflection.

She tugs down her collar, inspects the fresh VAMPIRE BITE on her throat. Viktor materializes from the shadows, places a hand on her shoulder, begins to whisper in her ear.

KRAVEN (VO)

... watching you tremble like a leaf as he filled your ears with lies.

A flash of movement in the window catches Selene's attention. Behind her, a SHADOWY FIGURE has blocked the doorway. She gazes into the window, sees that it's Kraven! He was there!

RESUME GENERATOR ROOM

The shock of this washes through Selene like a bitter tide. Again Kraven holds out his hand.

KRAVEN

Now come. Your place is by my side.

Selene just glares at him, disgusted.

KRAVEN

So be it.

He drives Lucian's UV pistol against her temple. She glares at him, daring him to do it. He slowly applies pressure to the trigger.

WHACK! A BLOODY HAND grabs hold of Kraven's ankle. He looks down, stunned to discover that the hand belongs to Lucian!

Kraven almost laughs. The lycan master looks absolutely pathetic, crawling on his hands and knees, near death.

Mustering his strength, Lucian bites his lip and gazes up into Kraven's eyes. SHA-SHANK! The black blade, spring-loaded and hidden up Lucian's sleeve, EXPLODES through Kraven's leg!

Kraven drops to the floor, yelping in misery as the blade twists in his wound and SNAPS IN HALF, KA-TING!

Lucian turns, is immediately struck by the fact that Selene is clearly emotional over Michael's condition. A thought suddenly hits him. He locks eyes with her.

LUCIAN  
(drained of energy)  
Bite him...

An AUDITORY FLASHBACK comes racing into her mind as she gazes back down upon Michael:

VIKTOR (VO)  
... Abomination...

SINGE (VO)  
Hybrid. Half vampire; half lycan.  
But stronger than both.

Confusion floods her face, she bites her lip, turns back to face Lucian. He urges her again.

LUCIAN  
Do it... it's the only way to  
save his life.

A grin slides up Lucian's face as Selene gives in to her feelings and bends down over Michael.

Kraven winces as he tugs the broken blade from his leg. A stunned look washes over him as Selene sinks her fangs into Michael's neck!

KRAVEN  
What the fuck are you doing?

INSIDE MICHAEL'S NECK

SELENE'S FANGS pierce the skin and slide into his jugular vein.

RESUME GENERATOR ROOM

Lucian locks eyes with Kraven, starts to laugh.

LUCIAN

You may have killed me, cousin,  
but my will is done regardless.

A sour look washes over Kraven, he levels the Silver Nitrate gun at Lucian, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

As Lucian slumps to the ground, dead, something off-screen catches Kraven's full attention. His eyes go wide. Oh, shit.

ANGLE ON SELENE as she embraces Michael with every ounce of her heart and soul, fangs buried deep in his flesh, in a heartfelt attempt to save his life. A pregnant beat.

She finally withdraws her fangs, looks down at him, concerned, wondering if her bite has worked. Then, without warning--

WHACK! She's yanked away from Michael and sent SLAMMING into the rusted generator! She looks up, shaken, stunned, to find Viktor towering over her.

VIKTOR

Where is he? Where's Kraven?

Selene scans the shadows. The sneaky little bastard is gone and now Viktor's Death Dealer bodyguards are blocking the exit.

Viktor glares down at Michael. He turns, locks eyes with Selene. A look of disgust washes over his face.

VIKTOR

I'll do it myself.

He strides towards Michael, eyes burning with lethal intent. Selene lunges forward to stop him. Viktor swats her aside like a rag doll, sending her crashing into the opposite wall!

Then, growling with fury, Viktor swipes Michael off of the floor and viciously SLAMS him against the wall, KA-RUUNCH!

BONES SNAP and CONCRETE CRUMBLES to the floor as Viktor, in one powerful movement, shoves Michael THROUGH the thick brick wall, creating a jagged hole!

INT. MAIN CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Michael, along with an avalanche of broken concrete, plummets fifteen feet and SPLASHES down into a puddle of oily water!

INT. GENERATOR ROOM

Viktor whirls around, eyes burning like fire, and stares down at Selene. She stares right back at him, defiantly unafraid.

SELENE

This is all because of you!  
This war! Everything!

INT. MAIN CHAMBER

CLOSE ON MICHAEL, unconscious, partially submerged in the puddle. His eyes peel open to the sound of Selene's voice:

SELENE (OS)

All because of you and your fear!

WHAM! MICHAEL'S PUPILS SNAP into BLACK ORBS.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM

Viktor turns to face his Death Dealer bodyguards.

VIKTOR

Leave us!

They quickly withdrawal, closing the door behind them.

SELENE

What are you going to do?!  
Kill me, like you killed my  
family! Like you killed  
your own daughter?!

This strikes Viktor in the gut. He bends down over Lucian's dead body and tugs the pendant from his neck.

INT. MAIN CHAMBER

Michael is now well into the TRANSFORMATION. He spasms. His arm rises from the muddy water, pulsing, twisting... changing.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM

Viktor slowly rises, looks down at the pendant which is now in the palm of his hand. A flash of emotion.

VIKTOR

(softly)

I loved my daughter... but the  
abomination growing in her womb  
was a betrayal to me and the coven.

INT. MAIN CHAMBER

Michael is now a WEREWOLF. But the TRANSFORMATION is not yet complete.

He shakes with violent spasms as the change starts to REGRESS, painfully taking him through the eerie genetic evolutions that lead to both vampires and werewolves.

VIKTOR (VO)

Without my fear and my laws, a  
Hybrid might have been born.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM

Viktor looks up, clearly emotional, and locks eyes with Selene.

VIKTOR

I did what I had to do to protect  
our species... as I am forced do  
to yet again.

SHING! Unsheathing his sword, he whirls back around towards the crack in the wall. A look of confusion floods his face.

HIS POV - LOOKING DOWN AT THE PUDDLE

Michael is gone!

RESUME GENERATOR ROOM

Viktor whirls around towards Selene, THWACK! She delivers a crippling KICK to his chin! Viktor's head snaps back, his sword goes flying out into the main chamber!

He whirls around, ready to kill Selene, but gets the shock of his life instead -- he's now face to face with THE HYBRID!

Michael has transformed. Not quite vampire; not quite werewolf; something in between; more human than beast; striking, powerful, eyes burning like quicksilver.

Even Selene is awed by the sight of him.

MICHAEL/THE HYBRID

Hi, Viktor.

Lucian's pendant is sent flying as Viktor explodes into motion, face twisted with rage, and pins Michael to the floor!

Michael struggles to move, but the ancient vampire bears down on him like a ton of steel. Selene races up, tries to haul Viktor off of Michael, but it's no use. He's too powerful.

Viktor leans down close to Michael, confident, almost gloating. Now they're face to face, eyes burning, fangs bared, Vampire versus Hybrid!

THWACK! Michael's fist SLAMS into Viktor's chest with the force of a wrecking ball, sending him CRASHING through the shattered wall and out into the--

INT. MAIN CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Viktor HITS the mud, tumbling wildly and SLAMS against a PAIR of LEGS. He looks up, stunned. They belong to Michael! How the hell did he get there so fast?

He turns, scrambles to his feet, startled to find himself face to face with Michael yet again! For the first time we see actual fear in Viktor's eyes!

But he's no coward. They immediately face off, circling each other through the rain like blood-hungry predators!

They surge towards each other, trading vicious blows, pounding each other like supercharged jackhammers!

VARIOUS LOCATIONS AROUND THE UNDERWORLD

as vampires, lycans and werewolves, equally spellbound by the fight between Viktor and the deadly Hybrid, peer down through grungy windows, search for better vantage points, etc.

RESUME MAIN CHAMBER

Viktor, in a stealthy move, drops down and swipes Michael's legs out from under him! And the next thing Michael knows, he's flat on his back and Viktor is upon him, fists pounding!

INT. GENERATOR ROOM

Selene looks down through the shattered wall. She reacts as--

INT. MAIN CHAMBER

THUD-THUD-THUD! Three Death Dealers (Viktor's bodyguards) land behind Michael and Viktor, guns at the ready.

Selene drops down behind them, and in a blur of preternatural motion, she SNAPS the neck of the first Death Dealer, elbows the second in the throat, then swipes his gun and opens fire, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Three pieces of dead meat drop to the mud!

She whirls around, ready to blow Viktor away, THWACK! The gun is knocked out of her hand and sent flying!

Her eyes widen. Viktor is right there, not two feet from her!

But before she has a chance to react, he issues a palm-strike so smooth, so powerful, that it sends her CRASHING half way through a wall, KA-RUNCH!

Chunks of concrete splash into the muddy water. Selene slumps down into the wet muck, blood streaming from her hairline.

SEVERAL YARDS AWAY

Michael hauls himself to his feet and starts sloshing over towards Selene, who appears to be unconscious.

MICHAEL/THE HYBRID

Selene!!! SELENE!!!

Her eyes slowly peel open.

HER POV - ON MICHAEL

as he rushes to her aid. WHOOSH! Viktor comes swooping down through the shadows and rain, feet first, like a prehistoric bird of prey, THWACK!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael's head snaps back with breakneck force as he's spun around violently and sent flipping head over heels, SPLAT! He crashes face down in the muck, stunned senseless.

SELENE

scrambles forward to help him, but slumps right back down in the muck. She looks up, still shaken. Her eyes widen.

Not three inches from her nose, there's a swath of steel glistening in the rain. She smiles. It's Viktor's sword!

ACROSS THE CHAMBER

Viktor sloshes up behind Michael and calmly begins to choke the life from him. Michael's veins stand taunt. He gasps for air.

VIKTOR

Time to die. And then your  
traitorous bitch will suffer  
the same fate.

Something suddenly catches Viktor's attention. He looks up, sees a FLASH OF METAL in the rain. Selene lands behind him, like a jaguar, with his sword tight in her grip!



ON VIKTOR

as he whirls around towards Selene, eyes burning with fury, and tugs a long, black dagger from his belt. He opens his mouth to speak, but blood comes bubbling forth instead of words.

A THIN RED LINE APPEARS, running from left his ear, right across his cheek, and continuing down to his collar.

He takes a step towards her. Selene holds up the sword, we now see that it is slick with blood. Shock floods Viktor's face as HALF HIS SKULL literally SLIDES OFF and SPLASHES into the muck!

She had already struck him! His body stands prone for a moment, then it slumps backwards to join the rest of him.

Michael rises to his feet, turns to Selene, who's still gripping Viktor's sword. Then, together, they make a slow turn, surveying their surrounds for any possible attack.

But, quite to their surprise, lycans, vampires, and werewolves alike, nervously recede into the shadows as our warrior/lovers turn and make their way across the chamber and slowly dissolve into the darkness and rain.

The war is finally over... or is it?

INT. CRYPT

Hours have gone by. Singe is still quite dead, but his blood has spread across the polished floor and threaded its way through the intricate design containing the sacred crypts.

CAMERA MOVES along the creeping tide of lycan blood, passing Viktor's tomb, then Amelia's; and gradually slows to a stop on the big M -- Marcus' tomb.

CAMERA SINKS THROUGH THE FLOOR--

-- following rivulets of LYCAN BLOOD as they slither downward over MARCUS, the last surviving vampire elder, withered, bat-like, hanging upside down in his tomb. (NOTE: The blood has been soaking into his flesh for hours.)

We glide downward along his emaciated frame until we come to his hollow, skull-like face. We hold here. His eyes slowly peel open. Eyes almost identical to Michael's. Hybrid eyes.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END